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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

LORD LOVAT AND DUNCAN FORBES: THE '45.

*Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes, of Culloden. From Original Sources.* By J. Hill Burton, Advocate, author of the "Life of David Hume." Pp. 388. Chapman and Hall (one of their Series of Original Works).

Two interesting memoirs from a thoroughly able hand, and a mind, we would say, fully capable of appreciating Plutarch, and not failing far from taking that illustrious ancient as a model. The contrast between the wily Fraser and the straightforward Forbes has afforded him a golden opportunity, and, in our opinion, he has made a most excellent use of it. His volume, too, appears very opportunely, just after the public attention has been called to the fate of the Stuart dynasty by the publication of Mr. Glover, to which volume the present might almost be a sequel.

The singular character and fortunes of Lord Lovat probably led Mr. Burton to give him the foremost place in this biography. Had it been decided by worth, the order would have been reversed. But still, commiserating the aged head laid upon the block, when fourscore years had blanched its scanty locks, we must confess that the life of this strange personage does possess more of seductive interest than that of his steady contemporary on the other side. For it is vividly observed by Mr. Burton, that it was once suggested to him "by one whose power of drawing a rapid and picturesque sketch of character and events realised the idea upon the spot; that it would be difficult to find a life presenting so many prominent topics for the biographer's pen as that of Lord Lovat. At one time a mountain brigand, hunted from cave to cave—at another a laced courtier, welcomed by the first circle in Europe. In summer a powerful baron, with nearly half a kingdom at his back—in winter, dragged ignominiously to the block. By turns a soldier, a statesman, a Highland chief, a judge administering the law of the land, and, if tradition speak truth, a Jesuit and a parish priest. Uniting the loyal Presbyterian Whig with the Catholic Jacobite, and supporting both characters with equal success."

To which the author judiciously adds:

"It was believed that these strange vicissitudes in fortune, and contrasts in character, if simply told, and offered to the reader along with the means of estimating his genius, his versatility, and his remarkable influence over other men, might furnish a volume capable both of pleasing and instructing. On further consideration, the author thought he could direct such a record of character and events to a moral purpose of no small moment. Contemporary with Lovat, born and reared near the same spot, and closely entwined with the more memorable incidents of his career, was one whose character and history were as different from his as the sunshine from the shade. Closely as external circumstances brought them together, the contrast was not entirely innate, but represented differences in the moral soil out of which they respectively grew, and the moral atmosphere which each of them inhaled. If Lovat's history be a type of the old reign of fraud and force, rendered more conspicuous by protruding into an era of transition, Forbes is a character as strongly marked in its solitary anticipation of an age still further advanced in integrity and humanity. These two characters thus bring into one focus the extremities of distant ages, and shew side by side distinct

Enlarged 61.]

periods in the history of civilisation. Judge Jeffreys and Sir Samuel Romilly, separated from each other by nearly a century and a half, are not a greater contrast in all that seems to mark the moral influence of different ages of society, than these two men, who breathed the same mountain air, fought side by side in the same battles, and sat at the same board. It was believed that the united picture, if correctly drawn, might prove a useful chapter of that philosophy which history teaches through example; and that biography presents few opportunities of shewing so clearly the extent to which man is capable of improvement,—the fruit and flowers that may be reared where weeds and desolation are seen; the wealth of the elements that lie at the disposal of the moral and social reformer. To accomplish this end, it was necessary to let facts convey to the mind their own impression and their own moral. In the life of Forbes, the author may have shewn, in the tone of his narrative, a partiality for the character of a good man, which few will be inclined to censure. In the memoir of Lovat, there is a more strict adherence to pure narrative; for, indeed, it was felt that, in addition to the picture which the bare statement of facts presented, any denunciations, or rhetorical appeals to the moral indignation of the reader, would be but gilding refined gold, or painting the lily. It has been the author's object from the beginning, to place very little faith in previous narratives, whether traditional or contemporary, but to take his materials from authentic documents; and the reader will not probably feel, that this restriction of the medium through which they are seen has divested the character and career of this extraordinary man of any of their marvels."

Quite the contrary; but we critically object to the preceding simile anent gilding refined gold, &c., which is inapplicable to denunciations, or appeals to moral indignation. It is, in fact, an example of the simile of dissimilitude, which it is odd should have escaped from the pen of so correct and superior a writer.

The particulars of Lovat's career occupy 267 pages, exhibit a good deal of new matter without changing the complexion of the old familiar tale and tragedy, and lead the reader along from first to last as powerfully as the best invented tale of fiction embellished by genius. The real is quite equal to the finest flights of the imaginative, and the truth is not to be surpassed by the best invented fiction. To mutilate it by quotation would be an injury, and we therefore pass it, with strong recommendation to readers, to offer a few words of and from the succeeding memoir.

"It is a relief (says Mr. Burton) to the writer, as it may probably be to the reader, to turn from the intricacies of a mind twisting itself to suit the turns of fortune, and to profit by every recurring change in the course of events, to an honest, simple character, shaping itself according to principles, which, if they be not abstractly right, are yet illumined by the light of a conscience within. The relief is something like that which the anatomist of society experiences when, after threading the gloomy noisy streets of a city, and inhaling its tainted atmosphere, he reaches the open fields, and breathes the pure air of heaven beneath the light of day. His city travels may have developed many wonders. Close beside the indications of squalor and vice are the monuments of the accumulated labour of great intellects: old historical associations strew the path; modern wonders of science compete with them for admiration; the great world

of man has been laid open for examination into the sources both of its greatness and its misery. The pursuit is not without its interest and its dignity; but the sunshine and the fresh green, the pure breeze and the clear water, have double charms by contrast when the task is finished."

The life of Duncan Forbes is traced from his birth to his death, 1685 to 1747; and an excellent use is made of the MSS. at Culloden,\* in illustrating its more unknown particulars. His services in Forty-five, and the ungrateful return for them, seemingly because he desired to mingle some small humanity with the sternness of vindictive retribution, are well elucidated, and his whole character brought out in a solid form and clear light. We have hardly read any thing in the way of biographical study more complete or more edifying.

In early life Duncan Forbes conformed to the general habits of the country at that period, and was a decided *bon vivant*. It wanted more than half-a-century after his death to modify the high-jinks habits of its gentry.

"Let us now (says the author) take a general glance at the social habits of Duncan Forbes in early life. Among them conviviality occupied a far more prominent place than social moralists of the present day would consider compatible with the decorum of a high official person, professing serious religious opinions. Not few are the indications throughout his correspondence of the influence of wine; indeed, he seems in his novitiate, before he became a crown lawyer, to have been a prime ringleader among jolly fellows. His friend, John Macfarlane, apparently the same gentleman who was Lovat's law agent, writing to him on the 21st of April, 1715, complains in moving terms of the decay of hilarity since his departure; and says, 'a tappit hen, a bird as peculiar to you as the eagle to Jove, has not been seen amongst us since that event.'† Apparently, much about the same time, his friend Dr. Clark addresses him with the following mystical reference to his convivial powers: 'Ringleader of Raccabites.—We have enjoyed such a physical peace of mind since we were delivered from thy usurped tyrannical government, that it's the constant prayer of the body, 'may the month of May last for ever.' We have been at no little pains to point out the reason of your appearance, as astronomers do of a comet, and after long and diligent inquiries, we have agreed that as the church militant was to be pestered with an antichrist, so the body physical was to suffer under some such scourge for the sin of dulness. I have a great many arguments which induce me to believe you are the man (the beast, I mean), and I intend to write a dissertation which shall evince it to demonstration."

"The following little statement in a letter to his brother tells its own story in a very few words: 'I am so uneasy that I cannot write much, though, to make you easy, Clarke, who is with me, says, 'Deel care, if ye had drunk less at dinner, you would not complain.' His *causa scientie* that my disease is, that he who dined with me is as sick as I.' The demands, indeed, which society then

\* Mr. Burton hints that a further use of these MSS. may be made hereafter for one of the subscription book-societies. We trust that this will be done.—Ed. L. G.

† "MS. at Culloden House" (but the author does not state what the tappit hen was. It was a bottle measuring between a quart and a magnum, the cork of which, with brown wax upon it, and rounded off like a champagne cork, very closely resembled the top-knot of a fowl).—Ed. L. G.]

made on a man who had a head capable both of standing claret and entertaining company, were very formidable; and if he was rising in the world, gaining golden opinions among men, and shewing his aptitude for high stations, he had to drink all the larger draughts of wine, to shew that he was not deficient in that main element of public greatness. Drinking through a session with his lawyer brethren, in Edinburgh would be no light task. When he went north, he would have to recommend convivialities to keep up the family influence among the Highland chiefs and the barons of Moray; and as the northern air has the reputation of counteracting the effects of intoxicating draughts, the potatoes of Edinburgh would have to be balanced by wider and deeper libations at Inverness. That his constitution sometimes felt the pressure of these laborious enjoyments, we find from such occasional passages as the following, from a letter dated Inverness, 26th of September, 1716, and addressed apparently to one of his jovial friends in Edinburgh. 'For my own part I am almost wearied of this wicked world; one wish, and but one, I had when I left you concerning myself, that I might enjoy eight days free of company and claret. How I have succeeded you may guess by this, that though to-day it be just a month since I saw you, I have not yet buckled a shoe, that is, I have not been one day out of my boots.' When in the north, he would have to do duty side by side with his brother the laird, whose feats in this department of human exertion were so distinguished even in that age that he was honoured with the name of Bumper John, to distinguish him from all other lairds of Culloden."

What different sounds and orgies was fatal Culloden doomed to hear and witness! for the pathetic old Jacobite song mournfully laments:

"Lang may Scotland rue the day  
She saw her clans sae wildly flying;  
Culloden's hills were hills of wae,  
Her honour lost, her warriors dying.  
For Duncan, now, nae mair is ready;  
Donald, now, nae mair is ready;  
The sword has fa'en frae out his han',  
His bonnet blue lies stained and bane."

In 1725 we have another original glance at the north, with some apt observations:

"During his illness, Forbes took a ramble in the Highlands, uniting the pursuit of health with those inquiries into the political state of the country, which he never lost an opportunity of carrying on. He pursued neither of the objects that now carry multitudes into the bosom of the mountains—the scenery and the game. He has left nothing behind him to shew that he had much love of scenery of any description. If he had been an admirer of the mountains of his native north, he would have been a remarkable exception to his contemporaries, both Scottish and English; for no writer of the age ever thinks that he ought, in ordinary courtesy, to speak of 'the mountain and the flood,' except to abuse both; and even those who have afforded the most lively accounts of the scenery—such as Burt, the engineer officer—have given their pictures the animation of bitterness and contempt. Among all the changes of opinion which a century has produced, few would probably give more astonishment to the writers of the age of which we speak, than the admiration with which, since the 'Lady of the Lake' entered the fashionable circles, it has become the etiquette to characterise Highland scenery. We find, then, no traces of the picturesque in Forbes's correspondence in his wanderings; and it was a matter of much deeper interest than the scenery or the weather, to be able to tell his friend Scrope, on the 2d of September, 1726, 'The Highlands are at present in full rest. There is not the least complaint of robberies or depredations, and a great stick has become as fashionable an instrument in a Highlander's hand, as a broadsword or pistol by his side used formerly to be.'"

The President accompanied Johnny Cope in his rash expedition, but excuses that general from the satirical censure to which his misfortunes were so

copiously subjected. He (Forbes) consequently ran great personal risks.

"We have (Mr. Burton relates) already had to record the attack made by the Frasers on Culloden House, in October; it may be taken as a specimen of the dangers which the President had made up his mind to encounter as the natural consequence of the duties he had undertaken. In February, the march of the Highland army northwards rendered it necessary that Forbes and Loudon should retreat to a district where the small body of men under their charge would not be liable to encounter an enemy of overwhelming numbers. On the 18th of February they crossed the ferry of Kessock, on the Moray Frith, and entered Ross-shire. Here they believed themselves to be safe, as a ship-of-war watched the Frith. A portion of the Highland army, however, under the conduct of Moir of Stonywood, crossed the ferry in small boats, with the protection of a fog, and compelled Forbes and his friend to make a second retreat on the 20th of March.\* As the Earl of Cromarty—one of the slippery correspondents with whom Forbes had been in treaty about the independent companies—was approaching from the north to join the rebels, the retreat was chiefly westward. There is a MS., not very important in the nature of its contents, which is yet curious, as it enables one to trace the steps of the journey made by Forbes. It is called, 'Account of money laid out by John Hay for the President, 1745-6.'† Many of the entries in this account are for the items of expenditure in providing for the President and his guard. Thus on March the 3d there is charge 'to a cow bought for the table at Overskibo, 17. 13s. 4d.' On the 11th there is 'to a cow that the guard killed without orders, 2l. 1s.' There are entries for *aqua-vita* to the guard, and for wine to their superiors. On the 22d of March they appear to have reached Loch Broom, a long, wild arm of the sea, on the west coast of Ross-shire. On the 23d they reached Loch Carron, farther south, in reference to which there is the entry, 'to the minister's daughter at Loch Carron, 1l. 1s.' On the 26th there is an entry, 'two hired horses from Loch Carron to Loch Alsh, 2s. 6d.' Loch Alsh is the isthmus between the main land and the Isle of Skye, and they appear to have crossed over to the island, the greater part of which belonged to the friendly Chief of Macleod, on that or the following day. Few of the payments appear to have been made for entertainment at inns, of which there were not perhaps above three or four on the whole route. Yet the fugitives seem to have lived well, if we may judge from some of the charges: thus, 'April the 11th, to a man that brought butter, a large cheese, and a black cock, 2s.' 'To the Laird of Macleod's servant, that brought wine, &c., 2s. 6d.' 'April the 19th, to the Baillie of Glenelg's servant for a roebuck, 2s. 6d.' One item in their viands was 'four creels of oysters,' a luxury not much known to this day in the Isle of Skye. On the 18th of April there is an entry 'to Lord Seaforth's servant that brought a letter, 2s.' We can easily imagine what must have been the momentous purport of the letter. The battle of Culloden had been fought two days previously. From this time the fugitives turned their steps eastward, and on the 26th of April we find an entry, 'to the ferry-boat at Kessock, and a yaul that came to the pier at Inverness, 4s. 6d.'

"The triumphant return was not a joyous one. He had not infused his own humane and manly spirit into the people who were the mechanical instruments of that triumph in which he was the chief agent; and it was followed by cruelties that to his beneficent and patriotic spirit must have made victory but a small degree better than defeat. He returned to find the home of his fathers—of old the abode of honest hospitality, of studious seclusion, and of the higher studies of statesmanship—

converted into the shambles of the great butcher of the age. There was scarce an old grey stone on the moor, or a venerable tree, or a solitary stream hallowed by the sweetest of early recollections, that was not stained with blood, and doomed to be for ages associated with some legend of cruelty. He, who had been the advocate of strong preventives, but of a mild retaliation, was destined, as if it were to throw the greater contempt on his mediation, to have the bleeding trophies of the exterminating sword laid down at his own door. To few did these memorable cruelties bring a more bitter heart-ache than to the strong-hearted kind old man, who had borne so much of the burden and heat of the struggle, that gave others the power of so bitterly employing the victory. He made few complaints of the manner in which his counsels were received, but we have many indications in the observations of others that he in vain recommended merciful measures. Among the Jacobites, who may probably be viewed as the best judges of the comparative merits of men who had been great enemies of their cause, this anecdote was preserved: 'What do you think of the return the Lord President of the Court of Session, the gracious Duncan, met with for all his remarkable services! remarkable indeed they were, and yet the utmost scorn and contempt he had in return for them. When his lordship was paying his levee to the Duke of Cumberland at Inverness, he thought fit (as it well became his character and station) to make mention of 'the laws of the country,' &c. To which the Duke of Cumberland was pleased to say, 'The laws of the country! my lord, I'll make a brigade give laws, by God.'"

"Forbes's friend already mentioned, Dr. Clark, told a tea-party in the house of Lady Bruce, in Leith, in 1751, 'That the Duke had a very odd unlucky expression when in Inverness, which made him very low in the opinion of many; and it was this, that when the Duke spoke of the President, he used to say, 'That old woman who talked to me about humanity.'"

The Memoir thus concludes:

"His life closed on the 10th of December, 1747. So died a man both great and good, who, like all the erring human race, mingled some defects with his virtues; yet they were with him so open and natural, that they enable us the better to feel the reality of his excellences, as part of a character that is set before us in all its merely human proportions, and claims no ideal perfection. Five years after his death his fellow-lawyers erected a statue to his memory, worthily placed in that noble old hall, where the memory of his services and his character still lives, as of one who altered and elevated the tone of professional and judicial morality in his day, and left, even to the present generation, a greater legacy of sound and honest principles than they might have been able to achieve without his aid. There is something in this statue of the florid drapery and excited manner of its French artist, Rouilliac; but the accuracy with which the features are portrayed is sufficient to impart a solemn dignity to the marble face, whence a slightly profuse tone in the adjuncts of the statue makes a scarcely perceptible deduction. In this and in the other representations of President Forbes, for his portrait holds a respected place in many a household and many a public institution of his native country, we can see that nature, by a harmony of mental and corporeal qualities, not often exemplified, represented the excellences of his mind with singular precision, in a countenance which has scarcely been excelled for the united expression of open honesty, firmness, intellect, and gentleness."

\* "Chambers's Jacobite Memoirs, p. 333."

† "The Lyon in Mourning—ms. belonging to Mr. Chambers."

\* "Letter to the Duke of Newcastle: ms. at Culloden House."  
† "Ms. at Culloden House."

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## SHERIDAN KNOWLES NOVELLIST.

*George Lovell; a Novel.* By J. Sheridan Knowles, author of "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Hunchback," &c. 3 vols. E. Moxon.

A NOVEL from our famed Dramatist is a curiosity which, merely from the circumstance of being written by one hitherto successfully devoted to another branch of literature, would be sure of public attraction; but it is besides not a little of a curiosity in itself. A widely ramified and extended dramatic plot serves to exhibit numerous theatrical characters and eccentric ideas—the virtuous being most virtuous, the vicious most vicious, the good-natured most good-natured (witness the hero's mother), the beautiful most beautiful, the bursts of feeling and passion most spontaneous and irresistible, and many of the descriptions peculiar to the genius of Sheridan Knowles. The hero is the homebred son of a wealthy jeweller, or, as the author makes a point of insisting upon the orthography, jeweler, and for whose house he journeys forth as a traveler. He falls in love, falls in with villains, falls out with many matters; mysteries of birth and parentage involve the scene; and trials of every sort that can be imagined from the materials, work out the story to the customary length of three volumes, and not five acts, as heretofore.

We fancy that readers of every kind will find amusement in this performance, either in the events, the descriptions, or the idiosyncrasies of the author. He prefers education, even of boys in the position of George Lovell, under their parents' eyes to the roughing of public schools. "This, my dear George (says his father, in preparing him to depart on his traveling mission)—this may be regarded as your first entrance upon the grand stage of the world; for which, it might be considered by many, that you have been but imperfectly prepared by home nurture. I might have easily effected the placing of you upon the foundation of one of our public schools; but I had my scruples, inasmuch as I never could divest myself of the idea that such establishments were not intended for the sons of the rich, and that accordingly by doing so I should commit an act of robbery upon some needy father. I might have sent you to a private seminary; but here I encountered an objection, which, to be sure, equally exists in the former instance, namely, that youth becomes the instructor of youth in lessons which it were better not to learn. You know how few have been your associates of your own age; and you may recollect how jealous I have been as to your characters. It has been my first, my most constant wish, to see you a good man; and hence you have been educated at home, where I thought, and, as I judged, rightly, that the inculcation of virtuous principles and the cherishing of virtuous feelings might be most efficaciously carried out. I felt no ambition to exclaim, as once, I am told, a father did when he was on the point of removing to one of the Universities a son who had been educated at an endowed collegiate school, 'There is no vice which they can teach him there of which he is not already the master.' I never had any faith in the necessity of sowing one's wild oats. Such a thing is never dreamed of with reference to the other sex; why, then, should it hold with regard to ours? I cannot conceive how the soil can be benefited. I can perfectly well understand how it may be impaired, deteriorated, corrupted by the crop.' The jeweler mused again, while the young man looked over the papers which he had received. 'Ay,' he went on. 'Your work is before you. System will get through it. Apportion your time, and give to every part its proper occupation. This you can do the more easily, as you know that we have but one price, and that a fair one. Any thing beyond were usury, any thing short were loss. The saving in time and trouble is immense, and the comfort great—I mean, to the conscience. Never mix business with pleasure. Never make bargains over cups. It is the way to take advantage on one side or the other, and hardly consists with honesty. As to cups, the

fewer of those the better. The propensities which men share with the brute, they exalt; those which distinguish them from him, they depress. Judge the consequence. He is lucky who pays but a headache for a debauch. A headache is the more frequent cost—cost, too, that may be ruinously heavy. Our customers will invite you. Go! Keep your host's hour for waiting upon him; have your own for taking leave, and keep that also. Change it for no man. Relaxation proves the man of business perhaps even more than business itself."

Hamlet's advice to the Players might have suggested and been a model for these counsels. But George proceeds; and being the heir to notoriously great wealth and good in the city, meets with hearty welcomes every where, on which the author breaks into an enthusiastic autobiographical retrospection.

"Young Lovell lost no time in delivering his introductions and credentials; and cordial in every instance was his reception. He came with the all-persuasive recommendation of being the son of a substantial man. The prosperous are thrice warranted against coldness, even on the part of those with whom they never shook a hand before. How promptly proffered is the clasp! How it meets them more than halfway! And yet can we ourselves forget the welcome that greeted us, when, poor—almost stark-naked in our circumstance—we entered as a foreigner, a perfect stranger, a city, the inhabitants of which share with their countrymen the reputation of exclusive clannishness, with only half a dozen letters of recommendation in our hand? How those letters were honoured! How those to whom we brought them collected their connexions and friends around us, feasted and fostered us! How their kindness warmed into attachment, not slowly, but rapidly; not transiently, but permanently! How that attachment has cheered and gladdened us for nearly thirty years! How it manifests now all the solicitude and fervour of an own brother's love! Glasgow! capital of hospitable cities! we neither drew our breath in you nor spent our youth in you. You are neither part nor parcel of our fatherland; yet base were we to utter penury of mind and heart did we not feel as your son; for never son of your own was cherished by you more fondly, more cleavingly, than we were! Were? Ay, and are! May your civic motto be ever fulfilled! May you flourish, old Glasgow!"

The grace and feminine nature of Knowles' stage heroines have ever been the admiration of all competent judges; and as a contrast we may give a variety in the portrait of his heroine here, smacking more certainly of the physical than of the mental:

"What was the fact? The glimpse of but a portion of what seemed to be a female figure of the most exquisite mould, combined with other obvious circumstances, had excited an interest which made him feel restless and impatient under what was passing. He felt as if he had a right to be a party in whatever concerned a being with whose properties, were he asked to prove his acquaintance, he could only instance a well-formed head, gracefully placed upon the white round neck that seated it; a pair of falling shoulders, whose outline displayed that grace which all appreciate, but which mocks defining; a waist, whose delicate tapering aggrandised the rich base whence it arose and towered; and a heel, the tiny span of which vouched for the instep and the ankle, that combine in the partnership which constitutes proportion and shape. Not a syllable could he write till the dialogue was concluded, and his companion had returned to his chair."

We would have sworn to this having been written by Knowles, and no other person; but we must select another specimen, not interfering with the story. The mutual love has been declared; and a romantic fallacious incident causes it to be considered extinct by the lady, when, "with a changing cheek, she read the paper. When she came to the

end, the hand which held it dropped upon her lap. It was cruel in Lovell to suffer, much more to persuade, the perusal of the paper, which bore witness to his early passion, accompanied though the recollection was by the convincing proof of his generous care for her. It was causing her to look back, as it were, to the false position from which he was endeavouring to withdraw her, and to multiply a thousandfold her regrets at the incompatibility which admonished her to relinquish it, if possible. The poor girl sat all lost. There seemed to be a collapse of every thing—cheer, wish, energy, corporeal as well as mental. 'Phoebe!' said Lovell; but no answer was returned. The eye, which was fixed vacantly upon the flame of the candle, never moved. 'Phoebe!' he repeated, but fruitlessly. He reached forward, took the paper from her hand, restored to it its contents, which had fallen from it, again refolded it, and held it out to her. 'Take it,' said he, 'dear girl, and put it up.' No hand did she extend to take it. He took her hand, and, placing the packet within it, closed it upon the gift, and then withdrew his own. The hand he relinquished fell where it lay before. 'Phoebe!' said he, more earnestly. She started, and at last looked at him. 'What?' said she. 'Attend to me, Phoebe,' he rejoined. 'I implore you, attend to me. It is necessary, dear girl. Pray—prayer arouse yourself, and listen to me; but first put up that paper.' Almost unconsciously she deposited the packet in her bosom. At last, he guessed the cause of that abstraction, from which even yet she was but imperfectly recalled. He determined to turn her thoughts at once into another channel. 'Phoebe,' he resumed, taking some cards from his pocket-book as he accosted her, 'I wish you to take care of these: they contain my address; I give you several of them, as a solitary one might be easily lost or laid out of the way. It is true that the lady to whom you are going knows where I am to be found; but I am desirous that you should be provided against all accidents. Besides, you might wish to communicate with me without the privacy of any other person. In short, my soul is full of anxiety about you. You have been beset in London, and here again. We shall soon be separated; and though I am assured that you are going to a place of safety, yet when my eye is no longer upon you—when it is impossible for me, perhaps, to see you at the very moment that either you or I may wish it—the disquietude that I cannot still refrain from feeling on your account requires that you should be supplied with every facility for apprising me of any advice or assistance of which you may stand in need. I have written to London about you, and expect an answer in a post or two at furthest. In about three days from this we shall separate.'

"She had taken the cards and placed them beside the packet, and seemed at first, for a time, to be attending to what he said; but towards the conclusion of his address she had relapsed into abstraction, and if possible, more deeply than before. The truth was, that hitherto she had never adverted to the fact, that the arrangement which had been proposed, adopted, and was now in progress, would involve something very like a total separation from Lovell; nor was she aware that her departure from the inn was so close at hand. In ordering her things to be got ready, the landlady had merely stipulated that they must be positively finished before the expiration of three days, without mentioning the reason for urgency. Lovers that live apart can hardly be said to live, particularly in the case of *cleaving woman*! Their minutes, hours, days, months, and years, are vacancy, as to the enjoyment of existence. Try it! Occupy them, amuse them, if you can! They are automata! There is neither brain nor heart within them! They act, and know it not!—Three days, and they should part! Three days, and who could tell when she should listen to him, or look upon him again! They hardly know what it is to love, who love and prosper. They know not what a guest it is that

they have caught into their bosoms, until alarm arouses, or privation distracts that guest! Phœbe wished to die!"

Then comes the comment:

"Expediency is contemptible, an insolent, an impious bar to keep right from its due. Away with it! Man is never truly benefited by it, and his Creator unqualifiedly forbids it. The God of Truth utterly denounces it, and drives it to the bottom of the Pit! Were our own son to seek and to win the affections of a modest girl that scrubbed our floor, or swept our carpet, he should marry her and bring her to our table! We could not turn her out, without a heart! We should cherish and make much of her. There is no compromise in a question of honour, and honour is the claim of the peasant's daughter, as well as that of the peer! Reader, we are accountable. We know that the eye of our fellow-men is upon us, but there is an Eye, besides, in comparison with which the clearest vision of theirs is blindness! We dare not compromise. Fierce was the struggle! fierce, almost beyond his faculty to support it! He started from his chair, and with folded arms began rapidly to pace the room up and down. At last it was over. He saw, or thought he saw, no option before him but that of pursuing the path which he had taken, and crushing the temptation which had almost induced him to diverge from it.

" 'We must correspond, you know,' he added, after a slight pause. 'Shall we, sir?' 'Yes—constantly.' 'Constantly, sir?' 'Yes; I must give you a lesson in writing.' 'Will you?' said she. 'Oh, thank you, sir! thank you! Till now, I never thought of learning to write! I shall learn quickly, I am sure I shall! Accident had given rise to a current of new feelings, producing comparative quietude and smoothness in her heart; as contrary streams do in the eddy where they meet, and seem almost to settle. Our readers must pardon us for occupying their time with the description of a lesson in writing; but the lesson in question afforded such a proof of quickness of capacity on the part of our heroine,—for she is, indeed, our heroine, and worthy so to be,—that to pass it over would be an act of sheer injustice; besides, it gave rise to an incident, the relation of which, we believe, may be attended with the effect of enhancing their sympathy for her. Copy-book, copies, and pens were displayed, and Lovell prepared to write. 'Stand over me, Phœbe,' said he, 'and watch what I do; and, at the same time, take another pen in your hand, and as far as you are able, imitate the manner in which I am holding mine; I sha'n't turn round to look at you.' He then pointed out minutely, and over and over again, the position of the wrist, hand, thumb, and fingers. He then wrote a line, very, very, slowly, and having finished it, told Phœbe to take his place. She obeyed him with alacrity. Her keen desire to learn banished all scruples of diffidence. At once, her hand with the pen in it, was on the paper; with regard to position—every thing—as correct as if Lovell's was still resting there; but reduced in size, and changed to one of snow, and of the most exquisite shape and symmetry. She would have begun, but Lovell stopped her. 'Before you attempt to write by yourself,' said he, 'go over what I have written, without dipping your pen in the ink. No hurry! This she did two or three times; Lovell narrowly watching her, astonished at the flexibility of her fingers, and the steadiness and accuracy with which she guided the pen. 'Let me try to do it now with ink,' said Phœbe; 'I shall not spoil it.' 'Spoil what?' said Lovell. 'Your writing.' She kept her promise; deviating only in two or three instances, and that scarcely the breadth of a hair. 'Now let me write by myself,' said she. 'I am sure I shall be able.' She wrote by herself, evincing an accuracy of eye that

\* A few pages before she could not write at all. Knowles beats the professors who teach the art in six lessons all to rags!

was perfectly miraculous—not that the letters were actual fac-similes of Lovell's; but that they were, every way, correct in their formation. If it be said that never pupil performed such a feat before, be it remembered that never pupil took such pains before; nor, perhaps, was ever placed before in such a situation. A phrenologist would settle it for you at once, by referring you to the organs. She unquestionably had them. The arch of her capacious brow was noble—perfect! But, for our parts, we refer you to her heart, the energetic, eager zeal of which exalted her every faculty, and made a wonder nothing. Yet Lovell was astonished. 'Had you never a pen in your hand before?' he inquired. 'I have had a pencil,' was Phœbe's artless reply. 'A pencil! Do you draw?' 'I have been trying to draw.' 'To draw what?' She put her hand into her bosom and took thence a folded paper which she half opened, but closed again, with the design of returning it to its place; but Lovell guessing her intention, and anticipating her, held it now in his hand, and drew from it three or four of the house-cards, upon the back of which, a pencil had been, indeed, employed.

"Judge with what feelings he contemplated a series of attempts to trace his own features! He could not mistake; for his upper lip was remarkable for a mole that by no means operated as a disfigurement to it; and there was, in every instance, the mark that identified the miniature with the original. If any question as to the fact had existed, it had been at once removed by a glance at the self-taught artist. She had laid down her pen, and buried her face in her hands; her neck and shoulders the hue of deepest crimson. 'When were these done, Phœbe?' he asked, his articulation faltering at almost every word. 'When you were confined to your room, sir,' breathed the confounded maiden. Cling, as attachment may, to hope, it is still the sport of the worst anticipations, when its object is assailed by danger. She had apprehended a fatal termination; and, pining for a relic, she had been endeavouring to secure one! His constancy of purpose was put to the test again. Again he paced the room. Send her to a boarding-school for a home! His arms were the home for her! for her, who would have filled them with truth, modesty, purity, boundless affection, perfect devotion, in harmonious association with consummate loveliness! Once, he was upon the point of uttering the word, at the summons of which she would have sprung to that home, and lived and died there; but he overruled himself—his better self—and stopped the herald of generosity upon the very threshold! A glance in the direction of the table apprised him that she had risen from her chair, and that the look of question and uneasiness, which he had remarked before, was bent on him again. An effort was necessary. 'Sit down, Phœbe,' said he. 'What is the matter?' inquired the anxious girl. 'Nothing! Take your chair again. I shall return to you.' 'I can write no more to-night,' said Phœbe. 'My spirits are quite gone! I can write no more to-night! There was a listless languor in her manner of uttering this, such as might have almost induced one to infer that she had been privy to the debate which Lovell had been holding with himself; and drooped at the issue. 'But,' added she, 'if you will allow me to take the copy-book with me, and a few of the pens, I shall be obliged to you.' 'Obliged to me, Phœbe! They are all your own, as well as the book of copper-plate lines.' 'I shall not want them,' said she; 'I can imitate your writing best.' More of the gentle mood!—an inadvertent appeal, but not a slight one; but whatsoever was its effect, it had not time to operate. The reader must be left to guess the commotion which this additional testimony of Phœbe's deep absorption produced in the breast of Lovell, as at that moment a tap at the door announced the landlady. 'It is growing late,' said the landlady, 'and I have made free to interrupt you. Much reading is not good by candle-light; and it would

be a pity to injure Phœbe's eyes. Come, girl. Good night, sir. To-morrow evening she shall come and read to you again. Should you require her during the day, just summon me, and I shall contrive to send her to you; but she must be busy with frills, and handkerchiefs, and marking, and I know not what, to be ready against the time she is to be sent for. Shake hands with the gentleman, Phœbe, and wish him a good night. Are you ashamed, girl? Good night, sir,' continued the landlady, extending her hand to Lovell. 'See there,' she added; 'I have set you the example, and follow it.' Phœbe did not stir; but Lovell, approaching her, took her hand, and wishing her a good night, was left alone.

With this long extract we think we may safely close; and need hardly repeat that the novel altogether is *not* *Knowles* and *D*—.

#### LOCAL SCENERY: LITERARY MEMORIES.

*Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies, including Views to Spots of Interest in the Vicinity of Windsor and Eton.* By Edward Jesse, Esq., author of "Gleanings in Natural History," &c. Pp. 365. Murray. ANNOUNCING this to be almost his first attempt at antiquarian publication, Mr. Jesse has added as much more of a various and desultory character to the results of his new pursuit as to render the present volume, like those from his pen which have preceded, a pleasing and popular omnium gatherum about interesting architectural remains, the biography of their bygone inhabitants, country life, rural scenery, literature, natural history, *et quibusdam aliis*. Its pages, therefore, with their many pretty illustrations, are to be read as if we were visiting the spots around Eton to which they relate, and enjoying the gratification of a gossip about all we saw or could call to memory about them. The antiquarian descriptions of buildings are not very precise, but still they are enough for a ramble of this kind; and so here we halt at Ritchings Park, sung by Shenstone, Pope, and other poets, as the abode of the Hertford family a hundred years ago. Of this place, Lady Hertford wrote in 1734:

"I cannot discover who were the first builders of this place. My Lady Bathurst brought it in marriage to my Lord. Sir Peter Apsley, their common grandfather, for they were cousin germain, purchased it of an ancestor of Mr. Britton, but that family had not long been in possession of it. On the spot where the greenhouse now stands, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed a tutelary saint of Windsor Forest and its purlieus; for the place we left (St. Leonard's Hill) was originally a hermitage founded in honour of him. We have no relics of the saint, but we have an old carved bench with many remains of the wit of my Lord Bathurst's visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and, what he esteemed no less, of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectations from such authors; we have, however, all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collection. That you may not be surprised at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones, which I think as good as any of them:

'Who set the trees, shall he remember  
That is in haste to fell the timber?  
What then shall of thy woods remain,  
Except the box that threw the main.'

There has been only one as yet added by our company, which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not:

'By Bathurst planted, first these shades arose,  
Prior and Pope have sung beneath these boughs.  
Here Addison his moral theme pursued,  
And social Gay has cheered the solitude.'

There is one walk that I am extremely partial to, and which is rightly called the Abbey-walk, since it is composed of prodigiously high beech-trees that form an arch through the whole length, extremely resembling a minster. At the end is a

statue, and about the middle a tolerably large circle with Windsor-chairs round it; and I think for a person of contemplative disposition, one would scarcely find a more venerable shade in any poetical description."

Mr. Jesse also states, that Lord Bathurst informed Daines Barrington that he was the first who deviated from the straight line in making pieces of water, by following the natural lines of a valley in widening a brook at Ryskins, near Colnbrook; and that Lord Strafford, thinking that it was done from poverty or economy, asked him to own fairly how little more it would have cost him to have made it straight. The water at Ritchings was probably, therefore, the first attempt at a serpentine form.

The next halt and contemplation is King John's Hunting Lodge, of which it is said:

"On the right-hand side of the road in going from Datchet to Wrasbury, and about a mile from it, some high trees may be seen across two fields, and a farm-house near, or rather amongst, them. This is called King John's Hunting Lodge. The lands around the neighbourhood are rich and well cultivated, and the meadows smile with beautiful verdure; but in former times I cannot imagine a country better suited for the purposes of the chase. Here the hawk might be followed as it pursued the heron or bittern, when started from the reeds of the adjoining rivers. The hare might be followed by the fleet greyhounds, and the stag chased by the staunch sleuth-hound. On approaching the house, it is impossible not to be struck with its very ancient appearance. There was the rude porch, the primitive windows, the curious gables, all betokening the architecture of bygone times. In the inside were the huge oaken timbers, the low roofs, and the grotesque carvings. Two of the windows of the bed-rooms contained some stained glass of the arms of a king of England of an early period; but I was not sufficiently versed in heraldry to determine which of them. It is, however, evidently of great antiquity. But what struck me most were two enormous walnut-trees at the back of the house, measuring at three feet from the ground twenty-four feet in circumference, and still flourishing. If King John held a parliament under the Tortworth chestnut in Gloucestershire, he might well have done the same under the trees in question. They are, indeed, noble trees, and I believe the largest of the species in England. It is evident from the old foundations and the appearance of the adjoining ground, that this was a very considerable place in former times. It is also curious that an underground-passage has been traced for some distance from the house leading directly towards Windsor Castle. In this passage some very early specimens of English pottery have been found, and which are now in the possession of Mrs. Buckland, the tenant of the farm. Similar specimens were discovered in the foundation of the oldest house at Kingston-on-Thames, one of which I now have. With reference to the underground-passage, I recollect the late Sir Jeffery Wyatville informing me that he had discovered, and traced for a short distance, an underground-passage at the lower part of the round tower at Windsor Castle leading in the direction of the one already mentioned, and that there was an old tradition of such a one existing. Should this ever prove to be the case, the projector of the celebrated Thames Tunnel cannot claim the merit of originality. I must not forget the huge oak-beams and rafters in the garrets of this house. Their size is quite enormous, and they appear perfectly sound, although they must be of a very ancient date. Mrs. Buckland, who shewed us every thing, and entertained us hospitably, informed me that her family had resided on the farm some two or three hundred years. She has one of those good old English names I delight in. *Boc* is Saxon for beech; and also *bucken*, from whence we have Buckinghamshire, in which county these trees abound."

At Hurley Church (says Mr. Jesse), "the old sex-

ton informed us that in making a vault near the communion-table lately for one of the Clayton family, several leaden coffins of the Benedictine monks were discovered, one of which measured nine feet in length and three feet across the widest part." And "persons who recollect the house at Lady Place still speak of its fine and noble apartments, its vast marble hall, and the decorations in the saloon, said to be by Salvator Rosa. Some of the meetings of the Hell-fire Club are stated to have been held here as well as at Medhenham Abbey."

There is a good deal of cruelty described, excused, and deprecated in the following quotation respecting bird-catching:

"In a former work I have noticed the respective characters of rat and mole catchers, exactly such as I had met with, and no two characters can be more distinct. I may now add a third, who have a placid, untiring appearance or aspect, exercising patience like fishermen for the hour together. I refer to bird-catchers, such as we see them in the fields around London, contentedly awaiting fortuitous flocks of goldfinches, linnets, and red-poles, with hopes as visionary and deceptive as those of the expectant disciple of Walton himself. I have frequently talked to these men, as they have been seated with a long string in their hands, ready to close the net, should any unlucky birds settle within its range. I always approach them with great caution, fearful that my intrusion may drive away the expected prey; but it is extraordinary how little apprehensive they seem of this being the case. In fact, they appear by no means anxious to conceal themselves, trusting to the fascinating powers of their call-birds. These are arranged round the net, and evidently shew a spiteful pleasure in getting their wild brethren into the same scrape with themselves. They jug and sing, and flutter and call, with extraordinary energy, and which increases as they hear themselves responded to at a distance. As the wild birds approach, the call is changed; and many of these latter settle on the net, as if unable to resist the allurements of the others."

"These bird-catchers, as I have already remarked, are patient, untiring men, fond of decanting on the relative merits of their call-birds, some of which have a large price put upon them. They are generally Spitalfields weavers; but sometimes shoemakers, thus having employment when birds cannot be caught. They appear to be an industrious sober race of men. The nightingale-catcher, on the contrary, is generally a stealthy, downcast vagabond, most justly detested by all owners of groves, plantations, and hedge-rows, possessing any good taste, within twenty miles of the metropolis. I knew one of these men, who passed much of his time in the Spring in the pretty lanes of Buckinghamshire, trapping the 'merry nightingales' as they

Answer'd and provok'd each other's song.

He was a hard-featured, uneducated man, looking very like a veteran poacher; in which occupation, I was informed, he was very expert. Much of his time had been passed in woods and coppices in trapping any good songsters he heard in the breeding season; such as thrushes, blackbirds, wood-larks, and blackcaps; and it was extraordinary in how short a time he tamed them and brought them to resume their song. I have seen a nightingale a few days after it was caught take its food out of his lips, but he kept his method of taming a secret. The nightingale-catcher's season is very short, but he makes the most of it; and it is greatly to be regretted that in the exercise of his craft he deprives so many persons of those exquisite cadences which are justly appreciated by all lovers of harmony and nature. But whatever may be the faults of his character and calling, the nightingale-catcher is by no means an individual devoid of taste; on the contrary, he appears to appreciate dulcet music, and delights in soft sounds; and is, moreover, a connoisseur in melody. His room, certainly, is generally filled with shrill canaries and other birds,

to say nothing of jackdaws, magpies, and starlings, with a few tame bantams, and now and then a hedge-hog or a guinea-pig on the floor. His craft is, however, much less a sin in his own estimation than in that of other people; but this is commonly the error of all rogues—a dilettanti on a minor scale, but an unprincipled one at best. But let me draw the picture of a nightingale-catcher from the life; not the one I have already referred to, but one who pursued his calling for many years in the sweet groves and tangled thickets of a delightful neighbourhood. To look at or to meet him, it would be supposed that a more guileless or diligent hind could not be seen. His work began early in the morning, for the commencement of it was as soon as two or three o'clock. The only questionable symptom about him was a shooting-coat, deep in the pockets of which he concealed the instruments and entanglements of his calling, and the most irresistible enticements. The frogs which the amiable Walton recommended as baits were not more tempting to the fish, than the impaled meal-worm to the gentle songster which it was unhappily destined to allure. The 'sweetly plaintive song' is heard, the trap is set, and soon down drops the deluded victim to seize the bait; sweet bird, in an instant, if you touch it, your rich, powerful, yet soft and gentle cadences are stopped. Those wild wood-notes that no art can imitate, no inferior organisation equal, will be heard no more; you will enjoy the charms of liberty no longer. But see, something alarms him, and the bait is left untouched. It is the strange sight of intruding man in these secluded haunts. The bird has quitted the snowy and fragrant thorn-bush, where he had sung his song of love, and renews his warbling at a short distance, for the spot has been fixed on where he hopes to allure a mate, and he is loath to quit its neighbourhood. And how does the trapper act in this emergency? A stone or a clod is thrown into the thicket where the bird is singing, in hopes of driving it again into the bush where the traps are laid. But this fails, and you would fancy another bird was singing on the very thorn. That soft long note so well sustained can scarce proceed from any other source than that of some kindred nightingale, and yet variety is wanting. The same soft strain is again and again repeated, but it stops far short of reality. It is the mocking trapper himself who whistles to allure. Well has he learnt his part as far as the power of human imitation will go. Failing to bring his victim back by force, he uses gentler means, and imitates the well accustomed notes. The bird is deceived by the sounds, and is jealous of a rival in his own domain (he is jealous in the extreme in the pairing season), and quickly returns to his former retreat. Suddenly the rival ceases, the bait is forthwith perceived, and as the songster's sense of jealousy and anger was roused by a fancied rival, so now is his appetite of hunger equally excited by the tempting mealworm on the ground before him. Alas! the die is cast—up springs the trap, quick and with a sharp sound. The morning is so serene and still that the noise is heard around. A blackbird flies from the clump hard by with clamorous vociferation. The thrush on yonder spray ceases its song, and a roving squirrel scampers along the green sward to mount the nearest tree to conceal himself in an ivy-tangled bough; while a rabbit stands upright, with ears erect and anxious, then quickly darts towards his hole. That momentary sound is fatal to the nightingale. The trapper hears it, and exults at his success, for pity finds no place in his heart. His prize is gained. Poor fluttering bird—your large dark eye is full of fear and misery, and your tender form can ill sustain those desperate but ineffectual struggles for liberty. And what must be the sensations of the captive, for surely such a marvellous creation must have sensations and feelings somewhat more acute than those of the vulgar sparrow or the pert chaffinch, and more akin to its nature and worth! And so the result will prove. The trapper seizes his prey, and grasps it warily and tenderly, but firmly,

and secures it in a canvass bag which he places in his hat, while he then prepares for further depredations on the race. Who will not now pity the poor captive, so lately free as the air, and unrestrained as its own wild melody? Let us follow and see its fate; but first we will call to mind the placid walks we have had in one of those charming evenings in the month of May, when the moon has appeared in all her loveliness, and the late song of the throats and blackbird were hushed. Then we heard the responsive melody of these sweet birds of night:

When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile  
Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot  
A look of pure benevolence and joy  
Into the heart of night.

And what could be more delightful than this their choral minstrelsy, and what more varied? It ever accords with the tranquillity of the scene; and these wakeful birds appear as if they had been sent to declare the Creator's goodness, and to attune the mind to harmony and peace. 'Sweet artless songster'—but let us now follow thee to thy darkened cage and sad confinement. There the chances are greatly against thy surviving thy captivity. Thou wouldst dash thy tender head and beat thy fragile wings against the bars of thy prison—thou wouldst flutter till thy strength and thy life failed thee, had not thy crafty keeper fast bound thy wings together. Thou art left to rope, if not to die. Thou wouldst starve, but thy relentless captor will not permit thee. He will force open thy delicate beak, cram it with unaccustomed food for days together, and when thou art possibly at length subdued by perseverance, thou wilt daintily of thyself take that artificial meat still so distasteful, urged by a feeling of hunger. Thou wilt even, perchance, sing an unfrequent and a weary song, expressive of thy misery and thy servitude, beautiful as it cannot fail to be, like the song of the Israelites in the land of the stranger; but how unlike the joyous sounds in thy native copse, when, full of energy, and expectation, and love, you invited the return of a faithful mate, and 'charm'd the forest with your song.' But it is scarcely possible thou wilt survive the ensuing winter. Thy migratory instinct calls thee to the delightful groves of more genial climes, and thou wilt become restless, and increase thy melancholy. Better, far better, gentle bird, that thou hadst died at once, than linger in thy prison for a year, or may be two, the victim of man's avarice and barbarity. Let me hope that this little picture of misery, sketched from the life, may be the means of inducing those who are in the habit of purchasing nightingales for the purpose of confining them in cages, to refrain from the practice, as it is evident that if there were no purchasers, there would be no nightingale-catchers. And how much more gratifying is it to hear these birds 'lulling nature to rest,' and chanting their music in their native groves, than to see them moping prisoners in a cage, pining for that freedom which a benevolent Creator destined them to enjoy, and which they do enjoy when undisturbed by the selfishness of man.

Our next extract enshrines an imperishable name:

"About two miles from Agmondesham, or Amerham, on the road to Uxbridge, is the pretty village of Chalfont St. Giles, celebrated as being the spot in which Milton resided during the continuance of the plague in London. From the turnpike-road you drop down a lane to the right, and find yourself in a small sequestered hamlet, shaded with trees, amongst houses irregularly built, and sheltered with surrounding gardens and orchards. On the left stands the church; and a little further, on the opposite side, a fine elm-tree, projecting over

\* "The male nightingale arrives in this country about the middle of April, and ten or fourteen days before the females. The arrival of the former is taken immediate advantage of. Many are caught by the London bird-catchers during the first week, and these are preserved without difficulty; but if a male be caught after the females have arrived, and his song has gained him a mate, he is almost certain not to survive his captivity."—*Yarrell's Birds.*

the road, throws a picturesque character on the scene. Passing the vicarage, a modest structure, in harmony with the rest of the village, and approaching the very outskirts of the place, you come to the small humble tenement where the immortal author of 'Paradise Lost' was contented to reside, and which is now inhabited by one who obtains his livelihood by measuring yards of cloth, instead of feet of verse. In short, Milton's house is now the residence of a tailor. Those persons who have seen drawings of it, taken a few years ago, will not easily recognise it at first sight; for the porch, its distinguishing feature, has been taken down, and with it much of the character of the ancient dwellings of that time is lost. The house, in size, is somewhat between the farm-house and cottage, probably once the residence of a small yeoman. In the interior it appears to have received little or no alteration. On entering the passage, you see a long low room to the left, which was a kitchen, and opposite to it one rather smaller, which Milton in all probability occupied. Over these are bed-chambers, to which you ascend by an old oaken staircase. The room over the sitting-room is comparatively lofty, and is supposed to have been the bed-room of the poet. Behind this is a small chamber, and these form the entire little domicile. In all probability, the interior of the house is at the present time very little different from what it was in Milton's; who, we are told by his biographers, was so humble in his manners, and partook so much of the primitive simplicity of those ancient times, that he used to dine in his kitchen. Here he finished his 'Paradise Lost,' and continued to reside during its publication in 1667, and while sitting in the garden received the suggestion of Elwood the quaker to write 'Paradise Regained.' The house is still deservedly venerated in the neighbourhood as the residence of England's epic poet.

We will now add to these chequered miscellaneous examples of the author's matter and manner a notice of *Chequers*:

"This place, like Hampden, is in the Chiltern Hundreds, and it took its name, as Lysons informs us, from one of its ancient lords, John de Scaccariis (or of the Exchequer), from whose family it passed to that of the Hawtreys. It afterwards came into the Russel family, one of whom was a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, by the marriage of Sir John Russel with Lady Frances, the Protector's daughter, widow of Robert Rich, Esq. In consequence of this connexion, it may readily be supposed that Chequers, like Hampden, is replete with pictures and circumstances having reference to the times of the Commonwealth. Chequers is pleasantly situate amongst woods, and is about two miles from Hampden. On emerging from a wood at the back of the house, a fine view presents itself from a sort of downy terrace, and from which part of the rich vale of Aylesbury is seen, and also a portion of Oxfordshire, with churches and gentlemen's seats in the distance. An abrupt bank, or what is called a *hog's back*, extends some distance from the terrace, down the sides of which, and in the bottoms, there is a box-wood, evidently indigenous, and which flourishes with great luxuriance. It gives a pleasing feature to the landscape. Near the house there is a noble relic of an elm-tree, called 'King Stephen's tree,' and which, from its appearance, and great size and antiquity, may possibly have existed in that king's reign. Its circumference, as far as I could ascertain it, was about thirty-six feet. The elm is a very long-lived tree, and as long as any part of it is left, it will continue to throw out branches, which is the case with the one in question. A fine old ash-tree stands near it. The gardens are kept up with great care and neatness, and are such only as are seen in the possession of English country gentlemen. The house, although not remarkable for any architectural beauty, is replete with what may be called real comfort. The gallery is very striking, and has an interesting collection of portraits,

and a fine collection of books and old china. Amongst the books is the Bible of Charles the First. In a cabinet in an adjoining room are some of the clothes of Oliver Cromwell, with his sword over the mantel-piece. There is a portrait of him and of Lady Claypole, and of other persons either belonging to or connected with his family. Chequers, by the liberality of the amiable possessors of it, is, I believe, shewn on two days of the week. It will well repay a visit to it, both on account of the historical associations connected with it, and the beauty of the scenery around it. The lovers of antiquity may trace the earth-works not far from Chequers, on the side of the Chiltern Hills, and the circular mound or keep called Kimble Castle."

On the name of Hawtreys, mentioned in the foregoing quotation, we may note its curious philological corruption; as it descended from *De alta Ripa* to *De Alterive*, and thence to Haute rive, and Hawtreys, with the Haw-tree for its crest, as if derived from that, and not from High-bank.

The "Country Clergyman," a magazine-tale, forms a sort of span-bridge to notes of natural history, bullfinches, canaries, &c., and remarks on other seats, from which we shall next Saturday copy a few specimens.

#### GATHERINGS FROM SPAIN.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

MR. FORD'S delineation of the Spanish sangrados, and the *modus operandi* of the faculty, is one of the most curious among these graphic sketches; but we can only copy a few of its slighter touches. Of the doctors we are told:

"The common expression of the people in regard to the busy mortality of their patients is, that they die like bugs, *mueren como chinches*. This recklessness of life, this inattention to human suffering, and backwardness in curative science, is very Oriental; for, however science may have set westward from the East, the arts of medicine and surgery have not. There, as in Spain, they have long been subordinate, and the professors held to be of a low caste; a fatal bar in the Peninsula, where the point of personal honour is so nice, and men will die rather than submit to conventional degradations. The surgeon of the Spanish Moors was frequently a despised and detested Jew, which would create a traditional loathing of the calling. The physician was of somewhat a higher caste; but he, like the botanist and chemist, was rather to be met with among the Infidels than the Christians. Thus Sancho the Fat was obliged to go in person to Cordova in search of good advice. And still in Spain, as in the East, all whose profession is to put living creatures to death, are socially almost excommunicated; the butcher, bullfighter, and public executioner, for example. Here the soldier, who sabres, takes the highest rank, and he who cures the lowest; here the M.D.'s, whom the infallible pope consults and the autocrat king obeys, are admitted only into the sick rooms of good company, which, when in rude health, shuts on them the door of their saloons; but the excluded take their revenge on those who morally cut them, and all Spaniards are very dangerous with the knife, and more particularly if surgeons. Madrid is indeed the court of death, and the necrology of the Escorial furnishes the surest evidence of this fact in the premature decease of royalty, which may be expected to have the best advice and aid, both medical and theologico-therapeutical, that the capital can afford; but brief is the royal span, especially in the case of females and *infantes*, and the result is undeniable in these statistics of death; the cause lies between the climaté and the doctor, who, as they aid the other, may fairly be left to settle the question of relative excellence between each other.

"The Spanish medical man is shunned, not only from ancient prejudices, and because he is dangerous like a rattle-snake, but from jealousies that

churchmen entertain against a rival profession, which, if well received, might come in for some share of the legacies and power-conferring secrets, which are obtained easily at deathbeds, when mind and body are deprived of strength. Again, a Spanish surgeon and a Spanish confessor take different views of a patient; one only wishes, or ought to wish, to preserve him in this world, the other in the next,—neither probably in their hearts having much opinion of the remedies adopted by each other: the spiritual practice changes not, for novelty, itself a heresy in religion, is not favourably beheld in any thing else."

Of the public medical institutions, the following may afford a suspicion:

"The founding hospitals were, when we last examined them, scarcely better managed than the lunatic asylums; they are called *casas de expósitos*, houses of the exposed, or *la Cuna*, the cradle, as if they were the cradle, not the coffin, of miserable infants. Most large cities in Spain have one of these receptacles; the principal being in the Levitical towns, and the natural fruit of a rich celibate clergy, both regular and secular. The Cuna in our time might have been defined as a place where innocents were massacred, and natural children deserted by their unnatural parents were provided for by being slowly starved. These hospitals were first founded at Milan in 787, by a priest named Dathesus. That of Seville, which we will describe, was established by the clergy of the cathedral, and was managed by twelve directors, six lay and six clerical; few, however, attended or contributed save in subjects. The hospital is situate in the Calle de la Cuna; near an aperture left for charitable donations is a marble tablet with this verse from the Psalms, inscribed in Latin, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me in." A wicket door is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped to admit the sinless children of sin; and a nurse sits up at night to receive those exposed by parents who hide their guilt in darkness.

\* Toi que l'amour fit par un crime,  
Et que l'amour défit par un crime à son tour,  
Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,  
De l'amour funeste victime."

Some of the babies are already dying, and are put in here in order to avoid the expense of a funeral; others are almost naked, while a few are well supplied with linen and necessities. These latter are the offspring of the better classes, by whom a temporary concealment is desired. With such the most affecting letters are left, praying the nurses to take more than usual care of a child which will surely be one day reclaimed, and a mark or ornament is usually fastened to the infant, in order that it may be identified hereafter, if called for, and such were the precise customs in antiquity. Every particular regarding every exposed babe is registered in a book, which is a sad record of human crime and remorse. Those children which are afterwards reclaimed pay about sixpence for every day during which the hospital has maintained them; but little attention is paid to the appeals for particular care, or to the promise of redemption, for Spaniards seldom trust each other. Unless some name is sent with it, the child is baptised with one given by the matron, and it usually is that of the saint of the day of its admission. The number was very great, and increased with increasing poverty, while the funds destined to support the charges decreased from the same cause. There is a certain and great influx nine months after the Holy week and Christmas, when the whole city, male and female, pass the night in kneeling to relics and images, &c.; accordingly, nine months afterwards, in January and November, the daily numbers often exceed the usual average by fifteen to twenty.

"There is always a supply of wet-nurses at the Cuna, but they are generally such as from bad character cannot obtain situations in private families; the usual allotment was three children to one nurse.

Sometimes, when a respectable woman is looking out for a place as wet-nurse, and is anxious not to lose her breast of milk, she goes in the meanwhile to the Cuna, when the poor child who draws it off plumps up a little, and then, when the supply is withdrawn, withers and dies. The appointed nurses dole out their milk, not according to the wants of the infants, but to make it do for their number. Some few are farmed out to poor mothers who have lost their own babe; they receive about eight shillings a month, and these are the children which have the best chance of surviving; for no woman who has been a mother, and has given suck, will willingly, when left alone, let an infant die. The nurses of the Cuna were familiar with starvation, and even if their milk of human kindness were not dried up or soured, they have not the means of satisfying their hungry number. The proportion who died was frightful; it was, indeed, an organised system of infanticide. Death is a mercy to the child, and a saving to the establishment; a grown up man's life never was worth much in Spain, much less that of a deserted baby. The exposure of children to immediate death by the Greeks and Romans was a trifle less cruel than the protracted dying in these Spanish charnel-houses. This Cuna, when last we visited it, was managed by an inferior priest, who, a true Spanish unjust steward, misapplied the funds. He became rich, like Gil Blas's overseer at Valladolid, by taking care of the property of the poor and fatherless; his well-garnished quarters and portly self were in strange contrast with the condition of his wasted charges. Of these, the sick and dying were separated from the healthy; the former were placed in a large room, once the saloon of state, whose gilded roof and fair proportions mocked the present misery. The infants were laid in rows on dirty mattresses along on the floor, and were left unheeded and unattended. Their large heads, shrivelled necks, hollow eyes, and waxen figures, were shadowed with coming death. Called into existence by no wish or fault of their own, their brief span was run out ere begun, while their mother was far away exclaiming, "When I have sufficiently wept for his birth, I will weep for his death." Those who were more healthy lay paired in cradles arranged along a vast room; but famine was in their cheeks, need starved in their eyes, and their shrill cry pained the ear on passing the threshold; from their being underfed, they were restless and ever moaning. Their existence has indeed begun with a sob, with *el primer sollozo de la Cuna*, the first sigh of the cradle, as Rioja says; but all cry when entering the world, while many leave it with smiles. Some, the newly exposed, just parted from their mother's breast, having sucked their last farewell, looked plump and rosy; they slept soundly, blind to the future, and happily unconscious of their fate.

"About one in twelve survived to idle about the hospital, ill clad, ill fed, and worse taught. The boys were destined for the army, the girls for domestic service, nay, for worse, if public report did not wrong their guardian priest. They grew up to be selfish and unaffectionate; having never known what kindness was, their young hearts closed ere they opened; 'the world was not their friend, nor the world's law.' It was on their heads that the barber learned to shave, and on them were visited the sins of their parents; having had none to care for them, none to love, they revenged themselves by hating mankind. Their occupation consisted in speculating on who their parents may be, and whether they should some day be reclaimed and become rich. A few occasionally are adopted by benevolent and childless persons, who, visiting the Cuna, take a fancy to an interesting infant; but the child is liable ever after to be given up to its parents, should they reclaim it. Townshend mentions an Oriental custom at Barcelona, where the girls when marriageable were paraded in procession through the streets, and any desirous of taking a wife was at liberty to select his object by

'throwing his handkerchief.' This Spanish custom still prevails at Naples. Such was the Cuna at Seville when we last beheld it. It is now, as we have recently heard with much pleasure, admirably conducted, having been taken in charge by some benevolent ladies, who here, as elsewhere, are the best nurses and guardians of man in his first or second infancy, not to say of every intermediate stage. Our readers will concur in deeming that wight unfortunate who falls ill in Spain, as, whatever be his original complaint, it is too often followed by secondary and worse symptoms, in the shape of the native doctor; and if the judgment passed by Spaniards on that member of society be true, Esculapius cannot save the invalid from the crows. The faculty even at Madrid are little in advance of their provincial colleagues, nay, often they are more destructive, since, being practitioners in the only court, the heaven on earth, they are in proportion superior to the medical men of the rest of the world, of whom, of course, they can learn nothing. They are, however, at least a century behind their brother professors of England."

The cultivation of hair on various parts of the "human face divine" having become rather prevalent in England, in imitation of the clean-looking French, German, and other Foreigners, who do us the honour to visit and improve us, we may encourage the fancy by relating how dearly the whisker, mustachio or bigote, beard, lip-tuft or *el perrillo*, are cherished in Spain:

"The use of the *bigote*\* is legally confined to the military, most of whose generals—their name is legion—are tenderly chary of their Charlies, dreading razors no less than swords. When the Infante Don Carlos escaped from England, the only real difficulty was, in getting him to cut off his mustache; he would almost sooner have lost his head, like his royal English *tocayo* or onymyme, Elizabeth's gallant Drake, when he burnt Philip's fleet at Cadiz, simply called his Nelsonic touch, 'singing the King of Spain's whiskers.' Zurbano the other day thought it punishment enough for any Basque traitors to cut off their *bigotes*, and turn them loose, like rats without tails, *pour encourager les autres*. It is indeed a privation! Thus Majaval, the pirate murderer, who by the glorious uncertainty of English law was not hanged at Exeter, offered his prison beard, when he reached Barcelona, to the delivering Virgin. Many Spanish civilians and shopkeepers, in imitation of the transpyrenean *Calicots*, men who wear mustachios on their lips in peace, and spectacles on their noses in war, so constantly let them grow, that Ferdinand VII. fulminated a royal decree, which was to cut them off from the face of the Peninsula, as the Porte is docking his true believers; such is the progress of young and beardless civilisation. The attempt to shorten the cloaks of Madrid nearly cost Charles III. his crown; and this cropping mandate of his beloved grandson was obeyed, as Spanish decrees generally are, for a month all but twenty-nine days; these decrees, like solemn treaties, charters, stock-certificates, and so forth, being mostly used to light cigars: now-a-days that the Moro-Spaniard is aping the true Parisian polish, the national countenance is somewhat put out of face, to the serious sorrow and disparagement of poor Figaro."

A few words respecting the drama must now, however, bring our notice to a close.

"The theatre, which forms elsewhere such an

\* *Bigote* is of foreign etymology, being the Spanish corruption of the German oath, *big Gott*, and formed under the following circumstances: for nicknames, which stick like burrs, often survive the history of their origin. The free-riding followers of Charles V., who wore these tremendous appendages of manhood, swore like troopers, and gave themselves infinite airs, to the more infinite disgust of their Spanish comrades, who have a tolerably good opinion of themselves, and a first-rate hatred of all their foreign allies. These strange mustachios caught their eyes, as the stranger sounds which proceeded from beneath them did their ears. Having a quick sense of the ridiculous, and a most Oriental anti-schoolboy knack at a nickname, they thereupon gave the sound to the substance, and called the redoubtable garnish of hair *bigotes*."

important item in passing the stranger's evening, is at a low ebb in Spain; although, as everybody is idle, and man is not worn out by business and money-making all day, it might be supposed to be just the thing; but it is somewhat too expensive for the general poverty. Those, again, who for forty years have had real tragedies at home, lack that superabundance of felicity which will pay for the luxury of fictitious grief abroad. In truth, the drama in Spain was, like most other matters, the creature of an accident and of a period: patronised by the pleasure-loving Philip IV., it blossomed in the sunshine of his smile, languished when that was withdrawn, and was unable to resist the steady hostility of the clergy, who opposed this rival to their own religious spectacles and church melodramas, from which the opposition stage sprang. Nor are their primitive mediæval mysteries yet obsolete, since we have beheld them acted in Spain at Easter-time; then and there sacred subjects, grievously profaned to Protestant eyes, were gazed on by the pleased natives with too sincere and simple faith even to allow a suspicion of the gross absurdity; but every where in Spain the spiritual has been materialised, and the divine degraded to the human, in churches and out. The clergy attacked the stage, by denying burial to the actors when dead, who, when alive, were not allowed to call themselves 'Don,' the cherished title of every Spaniard. Naturally, as no one of this self-respecting nation ever will pursue a despised profession if he can help it, few have chosen to make themselves vagabonds by act of parliament, nor has any Garrick or Siddons ever arisen among them to beat down prejudices by public and private virtues. Even in this nineteenth century, confessors of families forbade the women and children's even passing through the street where 'a temple of Satan' was reared; mendicant monks placed themselves near the playhouse-doors at night, to warn the headlong against the bottomless pit, just as our methodists on the day of the Derby distribute tracts at turnpikes against 'sweeps' and racing. The monks at Cordova succeeded in 1823 in shutting up the theatre, because the nuns of an opposite convent observed the devil and his partners dancing fandangos on the roof. Although monks have in their turn been driven off the Spanish boards, the national drama has almost made its exit with them. The genuine old stage held up the mirror to Spanish nature, and exhibited real life and manners. Its object was rather to amuse than to instruct, and like literature, its sister exponent of existing nationality, it shewed in action what the picaresque novel detailed in description. In both the haughty Hidalgo was the hero; cloaked and armed with long rapier and mustachios, he stalked on the scene, made love and fought as became an old Castilian whom Charles V. had rendered the terror and the model of Europe. Spain then, like a successful beauty, took a proud pleasure in looking at herself in the glass; but now that things are altered, she blushes at beholding a portrait of her grey hairs and wrinkles; her flag is tattered, her robes are torn, and she shrinks from the humiliation of truth. If she appears on the theatre at all, it is to revive long by-gone days—to raise the Cid, the great Captain, or Pizarro, from their graves; thus blinking the present, she forms hopes for a bright future by the revival and recollections of a glorious past. Accordingly, plays representing modern Spanish life and things, are scouted by pit and boxes as vulgar and misplaced; nay, even Lope de Vega is now known merely by name; his comedies are banished from the boards to the shelves of bookcases, and those for the most part out of Spain. He has paid the certain penalty of his national localism, of his portraying men as a Spanish variety, rather than a universal species. He has strutted his hour on the stage, is heard no more; while his contemporary, the bard of Avon, who drew mankind and human nature, the same in all times and places, lives in the human heart as

immortal as the principle on which his influence is founded. In the old Spanish plays, the imaginary scenes were no less full of intrigue than were the real streets; then the point of honour was nice, women were immured in jealous harems, and access to them, which is easier now, formed the difficulty of lovers. The curiosity of the spectators was kept on tenter-hooks, to see how the parties could get at each other, and out of the consequent scrapes. These imbrolios and labyrinths exactly suited a *pays de l'imprévu*, where things turn out just as is the least likely to be calculated on. The progress of the drama of Spain was as full of action and energy, as that of France was of dull description and declamation. The Bourbon succession, which ruined the genuine bull-fight, destroyed the national drama also; a flood of unities, rules, stilted nonsense, and conventionalities, poured over the astonished and affrighted Pyrenees: now the stage, like the arena, was condemned by critics, whose one-ideal civilisation could see but one class of excellence, and that only through a *lorgnette* ground in the Palais Royal. Calderon was pronounced to be as great a barbarian as Shakespeare, and this by empty pretenders who did not understand one word of either;—and now again, at this second Bourbon irruption, France has become the model to that very nation from whom her Corneilles and Molières pilfered many a plume, which aided them to soar to dramatic fame. Spain is now reduced to the sad shift of borrowing from her pupil those very arts which she herself once taught; and her best comedies and farces are but poor translations from Mons. Scribe and other scribes of the *Vaudeville*. Her theatre, like every thing else, has sunk into a pale copy of her dominant neighbour, and is devoid alike of originality, interest, and nationality.

"The theatres of Spain are small, although called coliseums, and ill-contrived; the wardrobe and properties are as scanty as those of the spectators, Madrid itself not excepted; when filled, the smells are ultra-continental, and resemble those which prevail at Paris when the great people is indulged with a gratis representation; in the Spanish theatres no neutralising incense is used, as is done by the wise clergy in their churches. If the atmosphere were analysed by Faraday, it would be found to contain equal portions of stale cigar smoke and fresh garlic fume. The lighting, except on those rare occasions when the theatre is illuminated, as it is called, is just intended to make darkness visible, and there was no seeing into the henroosts towards which the eyes and glasses of the foxite pitteers were vainly elevated. Spanish tragedy, even when the Cid spouts, is wearisome; the language is stilted, the declamation ranting, French, and unnatural; passion is torn to rags. The *sainetes*, or farces, are broad, but amusing, and are perfectly well acted; the national ones are disappearing, but when brought out are the true vehicles of the love for sarcasm, satire, and intrigue, the mirth and mother-wit, for which Spaniards are so remarkable; and no people are more essentially serio-comic and dramatic than they are, whether in *Venta*, *Plaza*, or church; the actors in their amusing farces cease to be actors, and the whole appears to be a scene of real life; there generally is a *gracioso* or favourite wag of the Liston and Keeley species, who is on the best terms with the pit, who says and does what he likes, interlards the dialogue with his own witticisms, and creates a laugh before he even comes on. The orchestra is very indifferent; the Spaniards are fond enough of what they call music, whether vocal or instrumental; but it is Oriental and most unlike the exquisite melody and performances of Italy or Germany. In the same manner, although they have footed it to their rude songs from time immemorial, they have no idea of the grace and elegance of the French ballet; the moment they attempt it they become ridiculous, for they are bad

imitators of their neighbours, whether in cuisine, language, or costume."

Their dances, gipsy girls, and certain results, especially in the southern provinces, are also flourishing and profligate, as of elder times or eastern climes; but even with our author's classic hints and allusions thereon, we shall not be tempted to meddle. We will wait till we go to Andalusia, and stop awhile at Seville. And now to say farewell to our delectable companion. We would do so with more reluctance, did we not hope, from p. 340, that we should yet have another Spanish volume from his hand. For there yet remains to be painted, as he so well can paint, "the provincial and general character of Spanish men—Spanish soldiers and statesmen—journalism and place-hunting—mendicants, ministers, and mosquitoes—charters, cheatings, and constitutions—Fine Arts—French and English politics—legends, relics, and religion—monks and manners; and last, not least—reserved, indeed, as a *bonne bouche*—the eyes, loves, dress, and details of the Spanish ladies!"

*Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By Miss Pardoe, author of "The City and the Sultan." 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley. The literary skill, diligence, and talent of the fair writer have pointed her out as one of the most competent for the satisfactory performance of a work like this. The desideratum was to cull from a thousand volumes previously given to the world a complete separate view of the individual Louis the Fourteenth and his times, and a series of *tableaux* representing the most remarkable epochs of his court, and the acts and collisions of its principal characters. It was not to be a historical or political record, but a personal biography, embracing all the relations of his social and private circle (if any royal circle can be properly so called) and his connexions with his family, mistresses, favourites, ministers, courtiers, visitors, household, dependants, &c., as a man. This has been Miss Pardoe's aim; and it is but just to say that she has made an excellent use of her materials, and produced a book of as much value and entertainment as the subject could afford. That the familiar annals of such a court, two hundred years ago (the author in her preface calls it erroneously "three centuries," p. viii.), could present little else than scenes of frivolity, vanity, pomp, corruption, and profligacy, must be anticipated; and therefore if we attribute no moral importance to their collection and elaboration, it is simply because they were not susceptible of being modified to that end. We must, therefore, take them for what they truly are, viz. pictures of an age and of manners which it is to be hoped can never disfigure the page of history again. As it would be out of the question to attempt to illustrate such a composition by extracts, we must content ourselves with saying, that the mosaic is well put together, the whole clever and piquant, and the details ample and interesting, embracing as they do the incessant and innumerable intrigues, amours, anecdotes, vices, crimes, quarrels, ups and downs, offences, revenges, amusements, decent and indecent conspiracies, revolutions, and other events and incidents, which, with

"Bubble, bubble,  
Toil and trouble,"

varied and perplexed this extraordinary period. For light and desultory reading, a more amusing production could hardly be fancied; condensing and stringing together, as it does, the fund of truths, or falsehoods, as the case may be, scattered over so vast a mass of Memoirs, Correspondence, historiettes, and revelations as Miss P. must have consulted. And it is written in a free, easy style; got up with all the liberality of attractive book-publication; and adorned with numerous engravings of portraits and celebrated localities, which enhance its claims to a popular reception among the foremost candidates of its order in the branch denominated *Belles Lettres*.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 11th.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair. The following paper was read, "On the amount of the radiation of heat at night from the earth, and from various bodies placed on or near the surface of the earth," by Mr. J. Glaisher. The author entered into very detailed description of the construction of the thermometers he employed in these observations, and the precautions he took to insure their accuracy; and gave tabular records of an extensive series of observations, amounting to a number considerably above ten thousand, with thermometers placed on nearly a hundred different substances, exposed to the open air under different circumstances, and in various states of the sky, at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 22d.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. Continued and concluded the reading of the second and last portion of Captain Sturt's account of his explorations in the interior of Australia. The first portion of Captain Sturt's paper, read at the meeting of last June, left the traveller at the depot in lat.  $29^{\circ} 40' 11''$  S. and long.  $141^{\circ} 31' E$ . When at this point, the want of water and reduced state of provisions compelled him to send back to Adelaide one-third of his men under the guidance of Mr. Poole; who, if his health, which had greatly declined, permitted it, was to return with supplies to meet the party on their way back from the interior. This Mr. Poole was never able to effect, as he unfortunately died of internal hemorrhage the day after he left Captain Sturt. The men, however, went back to Adelaide under the conduct of Mr. Priesse, and Captain Sturt and his party continued their route towards the interior. The depot from which they started was on the eastern slope of the cis-Darling range, in a creek between two lines of hills; the drainage was to the E.S.E.; and although at so great a distance from the coast, the elevation was not more than 300 feet above the sea. The first course taken was N.W., over a distance chained of 62 miles; but as Captain Sturt wished to strike Lake Torrens, he changed his direction for one to the S. of W.; and after  $69\frac{1}{2}$  miles more (the whole route crossed from the depot being over a level country, with long sand-ridges running from S.W. to N.E.), came upon the broad, dry, and sandy bed of an extensive lake. It appeared about 12 miles broad, extended beyond the reach of vision to the S., and then came round to the westward and northward in the form given by Mr. Eyre to Lake Torrens. The lat. was now  $29^{\circ} 15' 5''$ , and the long.  $139^{\circ} 38'$ . The bed of the lake was sand and salt, with patches of clay and gypsum; though apparently dry, it was too soft to be crossed; and it contained detached sheets of dark-blue salt water. Finding the country traversed most barren, and without other water than a few muddy pools left by the rain, and that to the north and northwest still more impracticable, Captain Sturt retraced his steps to the depot. Having placed it in a state of defence, he left it in charge of Mr. Stuart, and started again, on the 14th August, for the N.W. The heat was extreme, the country a dead flat, with sand-ridges, stones, and lime nodules, similar to those on the fossil formation of the Murray: no other water over 86 miles than two putrid puddles. At this distance, came to a water-hole in a creek. The dip of the country was still to the south. Proceeding in the same direction, other creeks, with a S. and W. drainage, were crossed, but with very bad water; the soil here and there was covered with salsolaceous plants, and intersected with salt lagoons, barren scrub, and an occasional box-tree forest. One of these latter being soon passed, the travellers saw before them only ridges of fiery red sand rising to 80 and 100 feet, and succeeding each other like the waves of the sea; they were covered with a wiry and matted grass, extremely difficult for the horses, who, after sixteen miles of this country, were fairly knocked up. The following

morning a small stony valley was crossed, after which both grass and water were found. In front, the plain spread out like a dark and gloomy sea, occupying more than half of the horizon from S.W. round to N.E.; it was thickly covered with stones, composed of fragments of indurated quartz, rounded by attrition; they lay very evenly over the surface, and were thickly coated with oxide of iron, which gave a reddish brown and purple tinge to the whole plain. The horses left no track over this ground, nor was there a single object visible on which to take a bearing. Like with a ship at sea, the compass was the only guide. After crossing this, the travellers came to a polygonum flat of about two miles broad, which ran like a belt along the stony desert. The plain next crossed resembled a piece of ploughed land, over which the floods had settled and gradually subsided. It was a sea of earth, on whose baked and blistered surface not a blade of vegetation, nor a single stone, were to be seen. At length a solitary clump of trees and some hills were discovered in the far north. On reaching the trees, a small muddy pool was found. At sunset, the hills, which had been unraised by refraction, disappeared, and left a clear unbroken horizon all round, like that of the ocean. The bearing of the hills had, however, been taken, and on the following day they were reached; but they proved to be nothing more than a repetition of the formidable sand-ridges already met with. They recommenced at this side, as they had terminated on the other side of the stony desert, having a broad opening of more than 50 miles between them: they ran up northward into the interior without varying a single degree in their general direction.

The point now gained was in lat.  $26^{\circ} 15'$ , and long.  $138^{\circ} 48'$ . Capt. Sturt and his party next came to an open box-tree forest, and a large dry creek, in which, however, was discovered a well twenty-two feet deep, and eight feet broad, evidently the work of a large tribe; it contained but little water; well trodden footpaths led to it from every quarter of the forest, but no natives were seen. Parrots, cockatoos, and other birds were abundant, and these divided into the well for the life-sustaining element. Leaving this forest, they came upon a plain, whose surface was so cracked and rent by solar heat, and so full of fissures, that it was crossed with difficulty. Still continuing to the westward of north, other small creeks were passed, in one of which was a shallow pool of muddy water. Several of the horses now fell ill, and swelled extremely; a day's rest, however, brought them round, except one that died. The route now lay over extensive plains without any creek. Indeed, the further they went the worse the country became. It now consisted of high and broken sand-ridges, with rotten flats between; one of them was traced up northward for water, the party having now been two days without any, and the weather insufferably hot. In a course of fifty miles they had only found two small puddles of muddy water, the clay of which stuck to the horses' mouths like pipeclay. At this distance they came upon a promising-looking creek, with large and unusually deep pools of water in it, and the intervals between them beautifully grassed. This fine creek, which came from W.N.W., was traced up in that direction for sixty miles without check; but although the bed of the creek was full of grass, the flat through which it ran was barren in the extreme, and bounded by sandy ridges of increasing height, behind which others presented themselves, rendering the possibility of penetrating to the eastward or westward quite hopeless. On the 9th of Sept. the party were in lat.  $25^{\circ} 4' S$ , and in long.  $138^{\circ} 15' 31'' E$ . From this point, short journeys were made in different directions, in which a salt-water creek was found, the bed of which was like snow with the crystallised salt, while its borders were covered with dark samphire-bushes. This creek had large holes of beautifully clear and dark blue water, on which lay a crust of salt like rotten ice, of two or three inches thick. A large valley was next crossed, in

the bottom of which was a line of acacia-trees, while the ridges on either side were of blood-red sand, crowned with spinefex and mesembrianthemum in beautiful flower. Here the party halted in a country, says Capt. Sturt, which he firmly believes has no parallel on the earth's surface, so terrible was its aspect. Still they pushed on, but the country grew worse and worse; the men and cattle were completely exhausted, and Mr. Browne so severely attacked with scurvy as to be almost unable to sit on his horse. Capt. Sturt accordingly returned to his last muddy water-hole, and from hence made further attempts in various directions without success. Under these circumstances, he thought it prudent to return. His furthest was in lat.  $24^{\circ} 30'$ , and long.  $138^{\circ}$ , on the 3d of October. After a most difficult journey, he regained the camp at the 25th parallel, having been absent seven weeks, and performed in that time a journey of 900 miles, over the most wretched country ever traversed, and with the loss only of one horse. After a short repose, the indefatigable and enterprising traveller, taking with him fresh men, the former being unable to accompany him, started again on the 9th of October, taking a more northerly direction. The prospect before him was discouraging; no rain had fallen, the heat increased, and with it the probability of finding water diminished. Nevertheless, after two days, the party came upon a magnificent creek, 240 yards broad, and 26 feet deep, on the banks of which grew large white gum-trees, backed by open grassy forest-land: to the N.E. rose a range of lofty hills. A sudden storm, which left water in the low places, induced Capt. Sturt to push on northward, postponing the examination of the creek, which came from the eastward, till his return from the interior. At first there was occasional herbage, but soon the country opened out as barren and waterless as ever; they came, at length, to a large shallow lake of putrid water, totally unfit for use, even for the cattle. Barren and inhospitable, however, as was this region, it was, nevertheless, occasionally inhabited by a denser population than any other part of the interior yet seen; several large villages were seen round the lake, but no natives were seen, or had been lately there. Nothing but salt water could be obtained from any of the wells dug. A little further on, an immense extent of perfectly level grassy plain was discovered to the south and west, formed probably by the spreading out and termination of the great creek already passed, and of which the creeks passed in the former journey were no doubt branches. Proceeding onward, the party came, in lat.  $26^{\circ} 30'$ , and long.  $139^{\circ} 34'$ , to the eastern limit of the great stony plain they had previously passed, fifty-five miles more to the westward. Its character was still the same, and it was crossed, as before, by guidance of the compass. On reaching the opposite side, in lat.  $25^{\circ} 58'$ , and long.  $139^{\circ} 26' 30''$ , the distressed state of the animals from fatigue and want of water, and the hopeless appearance of the country all around, induced Capt. Sturt, though very reluctantly, to return. The great creek was reached on the 27th of October, after the most trying journey: had Capt. Sturt delayed his return for one day, all would have perished for want of water; the wells they had dug being mostly dried up, and only at great distances a very little left just to sustain life. On one occasion, when reduced almost to despair, a solitary pigeon directed them to a very small pond of clear water. Two horses had dropped by the way, and the remaining five were reduced to great weakness, their hoofs worn down almost to the quick.

With the exception of the thunder-storm of the 14th, not a drop of rain had fallen for four months; and the heat was so excessive, that any delay became dangerous in respect of finding water on his way back to the depot, 118 miles distant, with only one intervening water-hole. After a single day's rest, therefore, the indefatigable explorer resumed his route, following the creek in an easterly direction. On the 2d Nov. he reached lat.  $27^{\circ} 36'$ , and long.  $140^{\circ} 40'$ , having traced the creek upwards

more than 65 miles: it was still broad, and flanked on either side with open forest, beyond which extended barren plains, bounded by sandy ridges; several large and well-built villages were passed, and a few natives seen, who neither fled nor approached the party. The vegetation of the creek now changed, and itself assumed the appearance of an arm of the sea. The water even became brackish; it was surrounded by a belt of weeds, and thousands of small fish were swimming in it. On the 3d, came to a pool of deep blue water, which proved to be salt—so salt, indeed, that no animal could have lived in it; and yet the very next pool above it was fresh, and had gum-trees growing round its banks. Further on, the creek split into numerous narrow channels, the evident drains of the interminable grassy plains that extended beyond the horizon to the N.E. and E., but which to the south were bounded by low dark hills. Met with a party of sixteen natives, one of whom was 6 feet 3 inches high, and all were fine men. They said there was no water but to the N.E. These people led the travellers to another tribe, and in a distance of eight miles they communicated with five tribes, who were all very hospitable. Proceeding, and still in company of their guides, the party, on gaining the top of a ridge, were greeted with the deafening shouts of about 400 natives, who behaved with the greatest kindness, bringing troughs of water for the travellers and their horses, and offering them a large hut to sleep in. These natives were of a fine race, many more than 6 feet high, and none, out of 69, below 5 feet 11 inches. These people live on the seeds which grow in the grassy plains: they thrash it out, pound it between stones, and bake it. Upon examining the plain, its creeks were found waterless; and accordingly the exploration in this direction terminated here, in lat.  $27^{\circ} 46'$ , long.  $141^{\circ} 54'$ . On returning down the creek, Captain Sturt followed up one of its tributaries to the north, where he ascended a hill of 600 feet high, formed of a mass of sand and rocks, piled up in the greatest confusion, from the summit of which nothing but similar hills rose behind each other to the N. and W., the intervening valleys being deep sand, without a particle of earth. These hills were those which had before been seen, but raised and magnified by refraction. As it was impossible to think of penetrating into this region, and the cattle were quite done up, Captain Sturt determined on returning southward. The horses were so weak that all the heavy luggage, stores, and flour had to be abandoned.

On the 9th, the well at 86 miles from the depot was reached, and found to contain just water enough to relieve the thirst of the horses on their arrival: it was emptied to the dregs, the last mouthfuls being rather mud than water. The thermometer in the shade of a tree rose to  $127^{\circ}$ , after which the bulb burst from the expansion. On the 14th the depot was reached. Two of the horses had dropped on the way. This depot was deserted; the party that had been left at it having fallen back on the old depot, in consequence of the putridity of the water. Captain Sturt and Mr. Stuart then rode on before, to send up a dray with water, and reached the camp after a ride of 18½ hours, when he dismounted, feeling very unwell. The next day he was laid prostrate, unable to move. Mr. Browne, who had been left in charge of the camp, had somewhat recovered. The last journey had been one of 800 miles; and performed in five weeks, with the loss of only three horses. It had shewn the nature of the country. The party now became anxious about the possibility of regaining the Darling. During something more than a year there had been, with the exception of the thunderstorm, only two days' rain; and where vegetation had before been abundant, not a blade of grass was to be seen; what had been teeming with life, was now silent as the grave. The ground was almost a molten surface with the heat; and if a match accidentally fell upon it, it was immediately ignited. The Darling was 270 miles from the depot: the

nearest water-hole towards which was at 40 miles. This having been sent to, was reported quite dry. Water was then sought to the eastward, but none could be found. The next nearest well was 118 miles to the south, and it was doubtful whether any water would be found in it. In this dilemma Mr. Browne, as Captain Sturt was too ill, volunteered to go in search of water; and after six days returned with the joyful news that they were just in time; there was still water enough in the creek to supply the party during a passing visit, but no more, and that as black as ink from the decoction of gum-leaves. There was no time to lose; the camp was therefore broken up, and the retreat commenced. The Darling was reached on the 20th, after 11 days, during six of which they travelled night and day, keeping the old tracks in the dead of night by the light of a small lamp. At the junction of the Williorara they joined the party sent up for their relief. For seven weeks Captain Sturt was lifted in and out of the light cart; but under the generous diet that had been sent to him by his friends, he rallied, and reached Adelaide on the 19th of January, 1846, in comparative health.

Long as is this abstract, it gives but a very feeble idea of the wretched nature of the country in that part of the interior which Captain Sturt and his party have so courageously explored, and of the privations they endured. The extreme point reached is, as has been said, in lat.  $24^{\circ} 30'$  and long.  $138^{\circ}$ . We cannot enter into a discussion of the hypotheses to which the result of this remarkable expedition may give rise. Other expeditions may yet find fertile oases in the still unknown and vast regions of the interior of this remarkable country.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 19th.—Mr. R. Hunt "On the changes produced by invisible (actinic) radiations." Mr. Hunt, having drawn attention to the theories of Newton, Huyghens, Brewster, and Goethe, in explanation of the colours of the prismatic spectrum, proposed to regard the chemical influences of the solar rays independently of the colour-rays. The heat-rays of the solar beam were the least refrangible; the luminous rays were more refracted; whilst the actinic radiations underwent the greatest amount of refraction. It was explained that at both the maximum points of heat and luminous power actinic action was entirely prevented, whilst it gradually increased in energy as the light of the rays diminished. Under these circumstances Mr. Hunt regarded the three phenomena of light, heat, and actinic power as distinct principles, which, although allied, were not, as far as we knew, in any respect identical. From experiment it had been proved that the actinic rays tended to reduce all bodies to a simpler form,—that, for instance, the salts of the metals were decomposed by them, and finely-divided metal resulted from an exposure to their influence. This principle was regarded by Mr. Hunt as an antagonist force to chemical affinity, the tendency of which was to effect combination. The results produced upon the daguerreotype plates, and upon the various salts of silver employed in the photographic processes, were then explained, and some experimental illustrations were given, to shew that a change of colour did not necessarily follow a change of chemical condition. The oxides of all the metals were found to decompose under the actinic power; and the per salts and binary compounds lost almost directly one proportion of the oxygen of their acid element. The influence of sunshine was also most evidently traced upon glass, metal, and wood, which had been exposed to its influence, and several specimens were shewn. These results were, however, complicated, as Mr. Hunt stated, with the invisible radiations which even in darkness influence bodies within certain limits. Mr. Hunt next explained a simple voltaic arrangement in which crystals of metallic silver were deposited upon platinum wire or foil in the dark; whereas if exposed to the effects of actinism, this

electrical precipitation was entirely prevented. That this was not due to light was proved by interposing a pale yellow glass, when the electro-deposit went on, notwithstanding the influence of intense sunshine, in the same manner as it would do in perfect darkness. The influence of solar rays on the germination of seeds and the growth of plants was then alluded to; and in addition to the results published by Mr. Hunt on this subject, he now stated as a fact, that during spring the actinic or germ-quicken principle preponderated over the light and heat in the sunbeam; but that, as summer advanced, the light required to assist the plant in decomposing carbonic acid, to procure the due secretion of carbon for the plant, greatly increased, and the actinic influence diminished; and as the processes of fruiting and seeding required a greater exertion of the calorific influence in the autumn, so the heating principle of the solar beam increased considerably, relatively to light and actinism.—In conclusion, the curious analogies of life suspending chemical action, of magnetism retarding its influence, and of the power of light in checking its progress, were pointed out.

#### ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

YESTERDAY week, after the General Meeting, the annual social entertainment enjoyed by the Geological Society was held at Willis's Rooms, when about a hundred of the leading members and a few guests sat down, under the presidency of Sir H. De la Beche, to an excellent dinner. After the cloth was removed, various toasts were given, which called up Col. Sir F. Burdett, Capt. Becher, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Bancroft the American minister, Dean Buckland, the Marquis of Northampton, the Bishop of Norwich, Sir R. Murchison, Mr. Lyell, Sir J. Rennie, Mr. Hamilton, and others; who severally addressed the chair in animated and appropriate speeches, all rejoicing in the prosperity of the Society, and its marked progress in developing the important science to the study of which it was devoted. Many interesting topics were incidentally touched upon; such as the cultivation of the best feelings between the scientific men of Great Britain and the United States; the good-will of the Government to promote geology, and encourage the museums connected with it in the metropolis; &c. &c. The health of Sir H. De la Beche was drunk with great applause; and he returned thanks, as he conducted the whole routine of the evening, with much spirit and effect. The party did not separate till a late hour.

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY.

Feb. 24.—The first monthly evening meeting of the members of this promising institution was held on Wednesday, Lord Sandford presiding. The noble chairman briefly alluded to the advantages that must accrue to the community at large from the establishment of such a practical school of chemistry, and hoped that ere long, "when they had won their spurs," they would obtain the patronage and support of the Government. He then called upon Prof. Hoffman, who read a sketch of the state of chemistry, especially in Germany, thirty years ago, contrasted with its present condition: then only a branch of Physics; now, not only an independent science, but subdivided and maintaining three distinct Chairs. The Professor also described analytical, synthetical, and the appliances of chemistry; and referred to the method of instruction he had adopted in the laboratory of the institution. The remainder of the evening was occupied with experimental illustrations of the Bunsen battery, forty-eight pairs of which were in action. Thanks were voted to the Professor and to Lord Sandford, and the numerous audience, after conversation and refreshment, separated.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 23d.—Mr. W. Yarrell, V.P., in the chair. The following papers were read: Mr. Gray, "On

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a new species of rodent inhabiting Western Australia, lately received at the British Museum, from Capt. Grey, Governor of New Zealand, which he characterised under the name of *Mus vellerus*.—"The Earl of Derby, "On some peculiarities in the habits and economy of struthious birds, as observed in his menagerie at Knowley."—Mr. G. R. Gray, "On two new genera of *Certhina* from Northern India, to which he gave the name of *Caulodromus* (type *C. Gracii*, n. sp., inhabiting Dargeeling), and *Salpornis* (type *S. Hodgsoni*, n. sp., inhabiting Behar)."—Mr. Gould, "On a new arrangement of *Trochilidae*, with descriptions of new species," Part I. The paper commenced with a critical enumeration of the species of *Petasophora* (G. R. Gray), which included a new one from Bolivia, nearly allied to *P. Anais*, which was designated *P. isolata*. For the group of which Mr. Gould considers *Orth. Estella* of D'Orbigny to be the type, he proposes a new generic name—*Oreotrochilus*; it is composed of *Orth. Adela* (D'Orbigny), *Troch. Chimborazo* (Bourc.), and two now first described as *O. leucoplerus* and *O. melanogaster*.

The Secretary exhibited, on the part of Dr. Falconer, the lower end of the left tibia of a gigantic fossil struthious bird, from the Sewalik Hills. In the course of a discussion raised on this interesting remain, it was remarked, that it presents another and most satisfactory evidence of the representation of existing African forms in the extinct fauna of India, which Dr. Falconer's researches have so copiously demonstrated in the genera *Camelopardalis*, *Camelus*, *Elephas*, and *Hippopotamus*. The species to which this bone belonged must have been nearly equal to *Dinornis casuarinus*; and, if not generically identical with the ostrich, must have very closely resembled it. Mr. Gray added, that this completely fossilised fragment was probably the earliest evidence on record of the existence of a bird of that size having occurred in juxtaposition with mastodon and colosuchelys.

The Secretary announced that the menagerie had been lately enriched by the accession of the *Canis megalotis* of Cuvier, a perfectly anomalous form, and of great rarity. It was presented to the Society by Capt. Sir E. Belcher, who had obtained it from the mountains at the Cape of Good Hope, and now brought it alive to Europe for the first time. A drawing had been made of it, about half the size of life, by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, which was exhibited in the room, with some skins from the museum, and skulls to illustrate the dentition.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 16th.—The Bishop of Norwich, president, in the chair. "On the structure and comparative physiology of *chiton* and *chitonellus*, two genera of pectinibranchiate mollusks," by Mr. Lovell Reeve. Some important facts in the nature and habits of these animals were communicated in this memoir in support of their hitherto disputed claim to generic distinction; chiefly elicited from the observations of Mr. Cuming at the Philippines, and of Capt. Sir Edward Belcher, of H.M.S. Samarang, in company with his assistant-surgeon, Mr. Arthur Adams, among the islands of the Korean Archipelago in the Yellow Sea. No animals among the retired inhabitants of the ocean so long eluded the pursuit of the naturalist as the *Chitonidae*; dwelling in almost every sea short of the circumpolar temperature, though unevenly distributed throughout this extensive range, they pass their sedentary existence in situations secure from displacement, and which it has been reserved to the zeal of recent travellers to penetrate. Little did it occur to Lamarck, when recording, so recently as 1819, a list of six species only, that nearly ten times that number were dwelling in retirement on the western shores of the Pacific, that as many more were living secluded among the rocks of Australia and New Zealand, and that the sum of these united would in twenty years be nearly doubled by the discovery

of species in other localities; but such are the fruits of recent voyages, and the spirit of research which has accompanied them. Regarding the soft parts of *chiton*, two very opposite theories were advanced by contemporary authors; one by Linnaeus, founded on the multivalve structure of the shell, in which he assigned the genus to a place among the cirrhipedes; the other by Adanson, drawn from observations made on the shores of the Mediterranean, a few years subsequently, in which he referred the *chitons* to a place in immediate proximity with the *Patella*. The conclusions of the philosopher in the closet were, however, destined to be overturned by the observations of the naturalist in the field; the views of the illustrious traveller in Senegal having been confirmed many years after by Cuvier, notwithstanding the opposite opinions entertained by numerous intervening writers.

After describing the soft parts in detail, the author proceeded to notice the affinity existing between the internal organisation of *chiton* and *chitonellus*, observing, that whilst in the former the shell, consisting of eight distinct plates, was sustained by a cartilaginous expansion of the mantle, and the aid of three flexible muscles attaching crosswise to each; in the latter, the plates are completely isolated, and sustained within the fleshy part of the mantle by the very produced growth of the apophyses, the mantle being entirely void of any sort of calcareous armature.

The *chitons* and *chitonelli* differ materially in habit; the former live attached to stones or fragments of shells, on exposed rocks, or under stones; the latter are of a more locomotive disposition, and retire into holes and cavities. The *chitonellus fasciatus*, the largest species known, thrusts itself into orifices in masses of coral, attenuating itself in any circuitous direction to the length of a foot or more, and only to be obtained entire by splitting the mass in which it has become imbedded; and when discovered in any other situation, by lifting a large stone, it would crawl away at about the pace of the common garden-snail in search of retirement. The author concluded by stating that he considered the *chitonelli* entitled to a rank fully equivalent to *chiton* in its most extended form, and one superior in estimation to that of the genera into which it had been subdivided by Mr. Guilding, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Salter, both in structure, as regards the condition of the mantle and its system of calcification, and in habit.

Mr. Reeve also announced that the researches of Capt. Sir Edward Belcher among the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, in the recent expedition of H.M.S. Samarang, had been productive of a larger and more valuable collection of shells and mollusca than had been obtained in any former voyage. Some interesting drawings of mollusks, known only hitherto by their shells, had been taken from the living animal by the assistant-surgeon, Mr. A. Adams; and Mr. Reeve hoped, with the assistance of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to co-operate with that gentleman in bringing them before the public.

#### FUMIFIC IMPELLER.\*

THE principle upon which Mr. Gordon's method of moving bodies is based, admits of no doubt, viz. that machinery, whatever may be its beauty, cannot add to the power of heat as the prime mover. And should he succeed in practically carrying out this principle, making "fumific impulse," or the discharge of the hot products of combustion, the moving power, the steam-engine, with its paddles or screw-propellers, will have seen its day. He says that he has succeeded in a boat 26 feet long and 4½ broad—one man blowing a common small forge bellows doing the work of two rowers. The bellows entered into a close furnace, luted, and fitted tight; and each stroke passed air through the close fire,

the hot products rushing out against the water by a discharge pipe, immersed 12 inches. "The first blast by one man always started the boat (weighing nearly 2 tons), from a state of rest, 3 feet in 2 seconds"—the fire, and one man blowing air, doing the work of two men; hence it follows, that suitable close furnaces, blown by a 50-horse power steam-engine, will do the work of 100 horses in impelling the vessel, and so on in proportion: so says Mr. Gordon.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Eaton, A. T. Cooper, E. W. O. Bridgeman, Trinity College; I. Hill, T. M. Gishorne, G. L. Harkness, St. John's College; S. E. Major, A. H. P. Trewman, J. B. Seaman, Queen's College; C. W. H. H. Sidney, Sidney Sussex College; H. Sadler, Christ's College; T. Burne, Magdalen College; H. N. Ward, Pembroke Coll.; E. C. Ince, Jesus College.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

DR. PELLEW, in his *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, has introduced a letter written by Sir Walter Scott against the formation of the Royal Society of Literature, founded by George IV. in 1821, and endowed with the princely revenue of eleven hundred guineas a-year from his privy purse; which letter was known by its consequences at the time, but has never appeared in substance till thus found among the papers of Lord Sidmouth, and laid before the world by his biographer. Belonging to the history of an important national Institution, the whole statement claims a place in our page; and possessing (from being on the Council at the time of the transaction) the information necessary for its clear understanding, we will take the liberty of adding a few notes to the document in question and the statements that accompany it.

Sir Walter Scott, it seems, after one of his popular sojourns in London, reached Manchester on the 6th of April, 1821, and was so impressed with the matter, that, to quote the account, "whilst in a state 'betwixt sleeping and waking,' he addressed to the Hon. John Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, a paper of considerable length, on the subject of a projected 'Royal Society of Literature,' which he enclosed in the following letter\* to Lord Sidmouth:

"My dear Lord Sidmouth,—This accompanies a letter for Mr. Villiers respecting a proposal of great peril which he made to me two days before I left London. I am sure your lordship must have heard something of a society for pensioning a certain number of men of letters, giving prizes, &c. &c., which proceeds, as it appears to me, entirely upon a misconception of the world as it now is, and of the present state of literature. Mr. Villiers mentioned that his communication to me was confidential; but I am very desirous that my opinion on such a subject, *valere quantum*, should pass through your lordship's hands, as you are at once a friend to literature and an excellent judge of the manner in which it may be best encouraged. For my own part, I was never so clear in an opinion in my life, as that the proposed attempt would be much worse than merely abortive. I may, however, be entirely wrong, and am open to conviction; and would, in that case, become a subscriber to the association; though I would beg to decline being a member of what is called the honorary class, to which, with its titles and duties, I feel a decided repugnance. When your lordship has glanced your eye over the letter, will you have the goodness to seal it with a head, and send it to Mr.

\* Of this epistle Mr. Morritt of Rokeby speaks in terms of the highest panegyric, as "an additional specimen of Scott's matchless versatility of power and wisdom; I shall never forget that you shewed me at the time the masterly letter which he sent you, many years ago, on the question of giving the royal name to the Literary Society. His advice was not acted upon; but the talent, wit, and admirable good sense which the letter contained, after such a journey, and with so little premeditation, displayed his power of mind and character, perhaps, more than any lighter essays that we have of his."

\* Results of Experiments made with the Fumific Impeller, tending to supersede the Steam-Engine for Navigation, by Alex. Gordon. E. Wilson.

Villiers, without any intimation that it passed through your hand. I use this great freedom, because I am desirous that your lordship should be in full possession of my sentiments, such as they are, upon a subject which I am aware will interest you particularly, and which, at the same time, is one of the very few cases in which long experience enables me to give an opinion with some degree of confidence. The thing is of great consequence; the more so, as Mr. Villiers hinted it had already gone too far for them to recede. In my opinion, they had better recede, at all risks, than take the consequences of advancing. I am sincerely anxious about it, and shall be very sorry if my opinion should give pain either to Mr. Villiers, or the Bishop of St. David's, or any of the well-meaning supporters of the scheme. For his Majesty, I need not say my devoted respect; but 'better service shall I never do him than hindering this deed.' I have half thought of coming up to see the coronation, should it go on; and could your lordship find some excuse for me to our lord president, to whom a hint of your wish, on such a subject, would be a sufficient reason to give me leave of absence for ten days. My kindest and best respects attend the ladies; and I am always, my dear lord, your lordship's much obliged and faithful, humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

"Manchester (now quiet and loyal). Friday, eleven at night; having travelled down without a moment's stop. This to serve as an apology for bad writing and inaccuracies of all sorts."

To this letter Lord Sidmouth replied on the 15th of April in the following terms:

"The project is justly liable to all the objections which you have stated, without the balance of a solitary recommendation in its favour. Sir William Scott first announced to me its birth, and we concurred in reprobating it in terms less weighty and forcible, though even more decided than your own. I then was informed of it, incidentally, by the Bishop of St. David's, its first parent, to whom I urged its immediate strangulation; but I was told that the exhortation came too late."

"I have taken a great and, perhaps, unwarrantable liberty—that of having your letter copied; but it was so by a confidential person. It shall not be shewn without your permission, but I earnestly wish to be allowed to shew it to the king. I am confident it would be well taken, and that the knowledge of your sentiments would have the best effect. Let me hear from you on this point at your earliest convenience. I will not fail to write to the Lord President, according to your desire. The best wishes and regards of all here constantly attend you.—Believe me, &c."

SIDMOUTH.

It may, perhaps, occur to readers that it was hardly right to make the use of Mr. Villiers' confidential communication, which was done in revealing it to the Secretary of State, with the object of defeating the design. The immediate consequence was a message from Lord Sidmouth to the Council engaged in preparing the constitution for the Society, delivered, if we remember rightly, by Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor (one of their number), and which message was so discouraging that it completely paralysed their proceedings for a season. Mr. Villiers, one of the most gentle and refined of human beings, was much hurt by it; and the guileless Bishop of St. David's, intrusted with the king's commands, was quite stunned by the unexpected blow. It was with difficulty he was persuaded to go to the fountain-head, it being strongly represented to him that as he had acted directly from orders given by the royal mouth, it would be almost an

insult to his Majesty to desist from prosecuting the business on any lesser authority. The bishop saw the king at the next levee. He had been shewn and read Scott's letter, and all he remarked was, "Go on; it is my wish to cherish the literature of England, and Sir Walter would be very likely to disapprove of a literary design which he did not originate."

The following is the celebrated letter:

"Manchester, April 6th, 1821, 10 at night.

"My dear Sir,—I have been thinking on the scheme you had the goodness to mention to me; and as the objections which occur to me are of a very strong character, I am about to lay them before you more fully than our hasty conversation permitted. God knows I should be sufficiently diffident of my own opinion in most cases where it stands in opposition to those for whom I entertain so much respect, and to whom, in almost all other instances, I should be most willing to defer. But this is a matter in which my experience, as an author, who has been twenty years before the public, maintaining, during that long space, a much higher rank of popularity than he deserves, may entitle me to speak with some opportunities of knowledge to which few others can lay claim; and to be silent merely out of politeness, or false modesty, would, in the circumstances, be a folly if not a crime; since it is obvious that the measure, if not eminently successful, would be a marked failure for malignant satire to fix his fangs upon; and that the noble purpose of the Sovereign would be made the means of heaping on all concerned ridicule, and calumny, and abuse. My personal feelings would naturally deter me against becoming a member of such an association. These, however unwillingly, I might set aside; but convinced, as I am, that the scheme will be hurtful at once to the community of letters and to the respect due to the Sovereign, my own feelings are out of the question, and it becomes only my duty to consider the measure as these are implicated. In the first place, I think such an association entirely useless. If a man of any rank or station does any thing in the present day worthy of the patronage of the public, he is sure to obtain it. For such a work of genius as the plan proposes to remunerate with 100*l.*,\* any bookeller would give ten or twenty times that sum; and for the work of an author of any eminence 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* is a very common recompense. In short, a man may, according to his talents, make from 500*l.* a year to as many thousands, providing he employs those talents with prudence and diligence. With such rewards before them, men will not willingly contend for a much more petty prize, where failure would be a sort of dishonour, and where the honour acquired by success might be very doubtful. There is, therefore, really no occasion for encouraging, by a society, the competition of authors. The land is before them, and if they really have merit, they seldom fail to conquer their share of public applause and private profit.

"It will happen, no doubt, that either from the improvidence which sometimes attends genius, or from singularly adverse circumstances, or from some peculiar turn of temper, habits, or disposition, men of great genius and talent miss the tide of fortune and popularity, fall among the shallows, and make a bad voyage of it. It would highly become his Majesty, in the honourable zeal which he has evinced for the encouragement of literature in all its branches, to consider the cases of such individuals; but such cases are now-a-days extremely rare. I cannot, in my knowledge of letters, recollect more than two men whose merit is undeniable, while I am afraid their circumstances are narrow. I mean Coleridge and Maturin. To give either or both of them such relief as his Majesty's princely benevolence might judge fitting, would be an action well becoming his royal munificence, and of a piece with many other generous actions

\* A mistake, such an act was never contemplated.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

of the same kind. But I protest that (excepting perhaps Bloomfield, of whose circumstances I know little), I do not remember any other of undisputed genius who could gracefully accept 100*l.* a year, or to whom such a sum could be handsomely offered. That there would be men enough to grasp at it, would be certain; but then they would be the very individuals whose mediocrity of genius and active cupidity of disposition would render them undeserving of the royal benevolence, or render the royal benevolence ridiculous if bestowed upon them. But the association is not merely unnecessary and useless; it will, if attempted, meet a grand and mortifying failure, and that from a great concurrence of reasons. In the first place, you propose (if I understand you rightly) to exclude —, —, —, &c., for reasons moral or political. But allowing these reasons their full weight, how will the public look on an association for literary purposes where such men, whose talents are undisputed, are either left out, or choose to stay out; or what weight would that society have on the public mind? Very little, I should think; while it would be liable to all the shots which malice and wit mingled could fire against it. But besides this, I think—(judging, however, only from my own feelings)—that few men who have acquired some reputation in literature would choose to enrol themselves with the obscure pedants of universities and schools—men most respectable, doubtless, and useful in their own way—excellent judges of an obscure passage in a Greek author—understanding, perhaps, the value of a bottle of old port—connoisseurs in tobacco, and not wholly ignorant of the mystery of punch-making; but certainly a sort of persons whom I, for one, would never wish to sit with, as assessors of the fine arts. There are many men, and I know several myself, to whom this description does not apply. But for one who has lived all his life with gentlemen and men of the world to mingle his voice with men who have lived entirely out of the world, and whose opinions must be founded on principles so different from our own, would be no very pleasing situation. Besides, every man who has acquired any celebrity in letters would naturally feel that the object, or rather the natural consequence of such a society, would be to *average* talent; and that, while he brought to the common stock all which he had of his own, he was, on the contrary, to take on his shoulders a portion of their lack of public credit. Now this is what no one will consider as fair play; and I believe you will find it very difficult to recruit your honorary class on such conditions, with those names which you would be most desirous to have, and without which a national institution of the kind would be a jest.

"But we will suppose them all filled up, and assembled. By what rule of criticism are they to proceed in determining the merits of the candidates on whom they are to sit in judgment? The Lake school have one way of judging—that of Scotland another—Gifford, Frere, Canning, &c. a third—and twenty others have as many besides. The vote would not be like that of the Institute; for in science, and even in painting and sculpture, there are conceded points, on which all men make a common stand. But in literature you will find twenty people entertaining as many different opinions upon that which is called taste, in proportion to their different temperaments, habits, and prejudices of education. They could only agree upon one rule of decision, and that would be to choose the pieces which were least faulty; for though literary men do not agree in their estimates of excellence, they coincide, in general, in condemning the same class of errors. But the poems, thus unexceptionable, belong in general to that very class of mediocrity which neither gods, men, nor columns, not even the columns of a modern newspaper, are disposed to tolerate, and which are assuredly sufficiently common, without being placed under the special patronage of a society. As to

the men on what association not large enough with the association the bad and need it, bread wance the using a stipendi front you des pride of and char tance frorum; men, di temper, in com temper,—what traccase cio's fee joke to associati contemp tible few in them Lewis th failed to it ever p ocity. it made cause th they rec England times m and th overlook upon a judgment subject it appea to impos and a ha ries hav the hives and the of doors "I ha well-me occasion individual word for even wh less than unfortun Your p burden; such see who rec this, for hours n charity, I know men to motive. taken u devil, in natural "I w ters ha retreat sit, aft ness to upon me too man The circ of liter

the men who are to be stipendiaries of 100*l.* a year; on what decent footing can they, receiving a pension not more than is given to a man-servant in a large establishment, hold an open and fair front with the public, or with the other classes of the association? I declare they will only be regarded as the badged and ticketed alms-men of literature; and sooner than accept it, were I in a situation to need it, I would cut my right hand off, and beg for bread with my left—when I had thus given assurance that I could never again commit the sin of using a pen. How is it possible, I repeat, for those stipendiaries to hold any thing like a fair and open front with the patrons, or honorary classes? and if you destroy equality, you debase all the generous pride of a young author. Besides, we are by habit and character an irritable race. Leave us at a distance from each other, and we may observe decorum; but force into one body a set of literary men, differing so widely in politics, in taste, in temper, and in manners—having no earthly thing in common except their general irritability of temper, and a black speck on their middle finger—what can be expected, but all sorts of quarrels, tracasseries, lampoons, libels, and duels? Fabricio's feast of the actors, in 'Gil Blas,' would be a joke to it. It would give rise, supposing the whole association did not fall into general and silent contempt, to a sequence of ridiculous and contemptible feuds, the more despicable that those engaged in them were perhaps, some of them, men of genius. Lewis the Fourteenth, in his plenitude of power, failed to make the Academy respectable; nor did it ever produce any member who rose above mediocrity. Those of genius who were associated with it made their way at a late period, and rather because the Academy wanted them, than because they required any honours it could bestow. In England, such a monopoly of talent would be ten times more misplaced. We all know John Bull, and that, for mere contradiction's sake, he will overlook what is admirable, rather than admire upon any thing resembling compulsion. Every judgment of the proposed Society would be the subject of a thousand wicked jests, merely because it appeared in shape of an *injunctio*, which seemed to impose on the public a particular creed of taste; and a happy time would the patrons and honourees have of it, betwixt the internal dissensions of the hive of wasps they had undertaken to manage, and the hooting and clamouring of the public out of doors.

"I have still to add, that this Society, like some well-meant charitable associations, would go far to occasion the discontinuance of that private assistance which is so much more useful both to the individual and to the public. Let me speak a proud word for myself: I have not for several years, and even when money has been scarce with me, given less than from 50*l.* to a 100*l.* a year to the aid of unfortunate men of literature in various ways. Your proposed Society would relieve me of this burden; but could it distribute the relief with such secrecy or attention to the feelings of those who receive it? There is no merit in my doing this, for I work up to it; that is, I labour some hours more, in order to gain the means of this charity, than I would do on my own account; and I know it is a common practice with many literary men to do the same—from the same very natural motive. But all this would fall if the matter were taken up by a privileged society; and the poor devil, in his necessity, would be sent there as naturally as you give a beggar a mendicant ticket.

"I was very sorry to hear you intimate that matters had gone so far in this affair as to render a retreat difficult. But be it ever so difficult, a timely retreat is better than a defeat; and what can be said, after all, save that the King had, in his eagerness to advance literature, listened to a plan which, upon mature examination, was found attended with too many objections to be carried into execution? The circumstances, so well known to a veteran hack of letters like myself, could not possibly occur to

the Sovereign, or those with whom he at first consulted. I would have his grace flow directly from himself, and his own knowledge, taste, and judgment, rather than through the interposition of any society. His Majesty's kindness, and the honourable and gratifying distinction of those who have cultivated letters with success, has been illustrated by very many examples, besides those conferred on one individual, who may justly say of the marks of royal favour, that they

'Were meant for merit, though they fell on me.'

If his Majesty should be pleased to relieve the wants of the two or three men of acknowledged talent who are subject to them; or if he would condescend to bestow small pensions on the wives and families of men early cut off in the career of letters, he would shew his interest in literature, and, at the same time, his benevolence. The assistance of young persons in education (provided they are selected strictly with a view to proper qualifications) is also a princely charity; and either or all of these might be gracefully and naturally substituted for the present plan. If a device could be fallen upon to diminish the quantity and improve the quality of our literature, it would have an admirable effect. But the present scheme would have exactly the contrary tendency. The number of persons who can paint a little, play a little music, or write indifferent verses, is infinite, in proportion to those who are masters of those faculties; and their daubing, scraping, and poetastering is, to say the least, a great nuisance to their friends and the public; and the misfortune is, that these pretenders never have tact enough to detect their own insufficiency. A man of genius is always doubtful of his best performances, because his expression does and must fall infinitely below his powers of conception; and what he is able to embody to the eye of the reader is far short of the vision he has had before his own. But the *moderés* in literature are teased with no such doubts, and are usually as completely satisfied with their own productions as all the rest of the world are bored by them. All such will thrust their efforts on the proposed adjudgers of the prizes (and who on earth would have patience to read or consider them?), while, from modesty or pride, real genius would stand aloof from competing with such opponents. Your invitation would have the effect of the witches incantation—

'All ill come running in, all good keep out.'

I would, besides, call your attention to the extreme indelicacy of authors, practising the same art, sitting as judges on each other's performances—a task which, with all its unpopularity and odium, few would undertake who had the least capacity of performing it well. In a political point of view, the proposed plan is capable of being most grossly misrepresented. It would be no sooner announced than the Jacobin scribblers would hold it forth as an attempt on the part of the Sovereign to bind and to enslave his people, by pensioning their men of letters, and attaching them personally to the crown. No matter how false and infamous such a calumny, it is precisely the kind of charge which the public beast would swallow greedily; and, from that moment, the influence of any individual connected with that Society, on the public mind, is gone for ever. Absolute independence is of all things most necessary to a public man, whether in politics or literature. To be useful to his king and country, he must not only be a free man, but he must stand aloof from every thing which can be represented or misrepresented as personal dependence. And the bounty of the crown also, when bestowed on men of letters, should be so given as to shew that it was the reward of merit, not the boon given to a partisan. But I should never end were I to state the various objections which occur to the practicability and utility of the proposed association. I am sensible I have stated these very confusedly; but some excuse is due, considering I have just travelled two hundred miles without a moment's stop; yet, the matter being on my mind, that you should have all that

the experience of my calling suggests, before you come to a final determination, therefore I write this before I sleep. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Villiers; I will have *Hai tutti i miei* copied out for her whenever I get to Edinburgh, to which place you may have the goodness to address, should any part of my letter require answer or explanation. My kindest and best respects attend my Lord Clarendon; and believe me ever, &c. &c.

"WALTER SCOTT.

"To the Hon. John Villiers."

The lapse of time enables us to observe that not one of these sinister prophecies has been fulfilled. Neither ridicule nor calumny have assailed the Society. Sir Walter Scott himself accepted the honour of one of the two golden medals (fifty guineas each) adjudged annually by the Council to literary fame and genius. The other medals during the seven years from 1824 to 1830 inclusive were given to Angelo Mai, Prof. Schweighauser, and Baron Silvestre de Sacy, foreigners of the highest European fame; and to our own most distinguished countrymen, Mitford the great Greek historian, Rennell the geographer, Dr. Wilkins, Dugald Stewart, Southey, Crabbe, Archdeacon Coxe, Roscoe, Washington Irving (we class him as of ourselves), and Hallam. Where is the obloquy here?

The royal pensions of a hundred guineas a year were gracefully bestowed, and gratefully acknowledged by such authors, elected by the Council, as Coleridge, the poet; Rev. Ed. Davies, the Celtic antiquary; Rev. Dr. John Jamieson, the Scottish philologist; Malthus, the political economist; Mathias, the distinguished critic, and author of the *Pursuits of Literature*; James Millingen, of classic fame; Sir William Ouseley, the Persian scholar; Roscoe, the historian of Italy; the Rev. H. J. Todd, the second Johnson of our time; and Sharon Turner, whose death was commemorated in last week's *Gazette*, the last in the list of the ten, all of whom are now in their graves.

Are these the men of mediocrity, or the ticketed almsmen of literature, who alone would grasp at this provision as a reward of their literary services to their country and mankind? Alas, Sir Walter Scott did not then know misfortune, nor how valuable to many an aged scholar, immortal poet, and laborious author in unremunerating fields of most useful learning, the solace of such a sum would be. Look at the list; and mark the individuals who had these well-merited tributes conferred upon them. It will answer all the objections in this so-much-lauded epistle, which so nearly wrecked the inchoate plan.

We have but one word to add. Mr. H. Hallam is the present President of the Society; and under his high sanction, with the assent of his Council, the two admirable volumes of the *Biographia Literaria* have been published within the last two years, independently of Sessional Transactions of the utmost interest to literature and civilised man.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 18th.—Mr. Stapleton, V. P. in the chair. Mr. Roach Smith exhibited casts of British coins found at Chesterford, referred to in a paper he communicated on a former evening from the Hon. R. C. Neville. Mr. Smith, in an accompanying note, described these coins as belonging to Cunobelin and to Tasciovan; the latter being now generally considered, by a judicious inference drawn by Mr. Birch, from comparing the disputed coins with those of Augustus, as the father of Cunobelin. One of these coins exhibited on the reverse a bull, others a boar or hog; and one, altogether a new type, on the obverse, a head, apparently of Hercules, copied from a Greek or Roman coin, with the letters VER, for Verulamium (now Colchester), the chief city of the territories of Cunobelin. Mr. Smith made some remarks on the great historical importance of these coins, and referred to Tacitus in illustration of the device of a boar on the Gaulish and British coins; that historian stating that some particular German tribes, whose

language was analogous to that of the Britons, carried on their war-standards an image of a wild boar. — Mr. W. D. Saul communicated a paper on Roman roads, and on British and Roman stations connected with them, in the vicinity of Dunstable. Mr. Saul assigned reasons for disputing the appropriation of the station Magiovinum to the site of Dunstable; and for believing that it was to be traced, in conjunction with British camps and tumuli, at about two miles distance from that town, on the line of the Roman road from St. Albans. In reply to a question asked by Mr. Smith, Mr. Saul stated that none of the tumuli had been opened, but that from their resemblance to others which had been examined, he had no doubt of their being British. Mr. D. Cooper said he had excavated some very similar in the same county, and that he considered them British. Mr. Saul said he should be happy to assist the Society in making a complete exploration of the tumuli. Mr. Smith remarked, that he trusted the Society would ere long institute a comprehensive and general survey of these and other early remains throughout the kingdom. This had never yet been done in a proper manner; and it was the only way in which disputed points could be set at rest, and correct knowledge be attained of antiquities which were still extant, although but imperfectly known or understood.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in reading a paper by Mr. Bowyer, "On the origin of the titles of doctor and sergeant of civil law."

**Feb. 25th.**—Mr. Hallam in the chair. Mr. Birch exhibited a terra-cotta figure, found in an Etruscan tomb, and now in the possession of the Marquis of Northampton. Mr. Robert Porrett exhibited an embossed shield, of iron, of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, which, it was understood, had been purchased for the Museum in the Tower. Mr. Bowyer communicated a paper on the degree of sergeant-at-law, which he conceived to be the oldest of all law-degrees; and illustrated the description of that officer given by Chaucer. This paper was not of a kind that admits easily of an abstract.

#### BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

**Feb. 24th. Council Meeting.**—Sir W. Chatterton, V.P. in the chair. Three associates and one correspondent were elected. Eighteen communications were received. Among these were, a paper by Mr. Laing, forwarded by the Rev. Lewis W. Owen, relating to the Saxon Tower of Trinity Church, Colchester, which, at the suggestion of the Association, has been stripped of its whitewash; an account of the discovery of Roman sepulchral urns in the grounds of Mr. Vint, near Colchester; discovery of the old Norman sally-port in the town-wall of Canterbury, by Mr. C. Sandys; discovery of a large number of Roman coins near Romsey, by the Rev. Mr. Maurice; of coins and other antiquities at York, during the past year, by Mr. R. Cook; and recent researches in the Derbyshire barrows, by Mr. Bateman. The others were from the Rev. C. Bingham, Mr. W. Harvey of Lewes, Mr. Lukis of Guernsey, Mr. Golding, &c., a selection from which was ordered to be brought before the next public meeting. The Council then proceeded to transact business, preparatory to the annual meeting for the election of officers and council, to be held on the 12th of March; and the claims of several towns, of which choice is to be made for the fourth annual congress, were discussed.\*

#### SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

**February 9th.**—A communication was read from Captain Newbold, dated Alexandria, January 1st, 1847, upon the temple, so called, of Horus, displayed by the progress of excavations that are being carried on for the new fortifications. Captain Newbold described the nature of the ruins and their situation in detail, and sought to identify

them with the temple of Neptune, noticed by Strabo. Among the fragments of art that have been turned up are enumerated a sphinx, a fragment in *alto relievo* of an Egyptian statue, supposed to be that of Horus, and a beautifully executed torso of a horse, resting on a tree. Captain Newbold strongly recommended a prompt application to the Pasha, through the British Consul-General, to secure this interesting relic for the British Museum. The Rev. Mr. Winder, British Chaplain of Alexandria, has promised to keep his eye upon it. Several Greek inscriptions were found at or near the same site: one on a round marble pedestal to Tiberius Claudius Demetrius, archon in the time of Hadrian; one of more interest was found near the same site on a block of nearly black granite (syenite?), and is now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Winder. It contains in the first line an erasure, and then "Philadelphus." Mr. Sharpe remarked that in the second line was the name of Satirus, noticed by Pliny as living in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, leaving little doubt as to the name erased. The existence of cisterns also denoted the antiquity of the site, as such were not used after the time of Caesar, who had wells excavated throughout Alexandria.

2. Mr. Sharpe laid before the society a chart of Egyptian history, which exhibited at one view his ideas on the chronology of that country from the earliest times to the reign of the first Ptolemy; and gave the arguments by which he supported it. Those kings, from Shishank downwards, whose reigns were dated by the eclipses and other certain records, were marked with a star. The earlier dynasties, though compact pieces of history by themselves, were fixed by less certain arguments. The first point which Mr. Sharpe arrived at was to shew that Nitocris, the last of the Memphite sovereigns, and who, according to Manetho, built the third pyramid, was the wife of Thothmosis II., and the same person as Mycerinus, to whom Herodotus attributes the building of that pyramid. The hieroglyphical name of Mycera, which Colonel Vyse found on this pyramid, was shewn to be only another form of this phenomenon of Nitocris on the Theban buildings. By this argument the Memphite and Theban dynasties were united. The next step was to fix a date to any one king. This was done by shewing that Thothmosis III., whose full name is Menophra Thothmosis, was the king who gave his name to the era of Menophres, which is well known to have been 1460 years before the second year of Antoninus, or B.C. 1324.

3. Dr. Platé made a communication on the Haj, or pilgrim road from Baghdad to Mekka, taken from an extract from Ibn Khordadbeh, a ms. of which—the only one in Europe—is in the Bodleian Library. No itinerary from Baghdad to the Holy Cities was hitherto known to us. Dr. Platé compared this road, as illustrated by a map on a large scale, with another obtained from Turkish sources, with which its northern and southern extremities coincide. Ibn Khordadbeh's road is remarkably correct as far as Feid, or Fayid, a town about half-way between Kufa and Mekka; its southern portion crosses the mining districts of Hian Dhariyah, and passes near the gold-mines of Muzer and Hilles. It was hitherto doubted if there were gold-mines in Arabia. Numerous other places were mentioned as situated on this road, which is one of the most valuable additions recently made to the geography of the Arabian peninsula.

4. Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, the honorary secretary, mentioned that Dr. H. Yates, the Society's honorary secretary in Syria, had arrived at Suwaydiyah, on the Gulf of Orontes, where he was engaged in building himself a permanent residence. An American mission was shortly expected at the same spot, where a school for the young native Christians is to be established.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE

##### ENSUING WEEK:—

**Monday.**—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.;

Medical, 8 P.M.; Pathological, 8 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical (anniversary meeting), 4 P.M.

**Tuesday.**—Linnaean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

**Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.

**Thursday.**—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

**Friday.**—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

**Saturday.**—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 45. "Turf Stackers," R. Ansdell,—does not come up to our expectation. There is a rawness about the whole. The white horse's shoulder is a disfigurement, and the heads of the dogs are not of the true canine kind, or like the breeds they represent.

No. 21. "Venetian Letter-writer; 53, "Spring Time;" 239, "Fruit Girl;" and 390, "A Study." J. Inskip.—The artist's aim to emulate Sir Joshua is very obvious in all these productions. They copy his tone, his manner, and his colouring, with very considerable effect. But in most instances they do not attempt his finish, but are loose in texture, and sketchy in design. The predominating brown does not do well when too much repeated; and as it requires a certain harmony in the flesh tints, the result is gipsyish, and not the clear freshness of brilliant complexion. With such critical drawbacks, it is still not surprising that these pictures, like all the artist does, should be so great public favourites.

No. 66. "Morning," J. Sant,—is a bright Murillo-looking head, a fine atmosphere, and a cheerful subject. Farther on, 170, 185, the first, an old blind man, whole length, set in a ruddy light, reflected on himself, is a good study; the last, one of those efforts by which the artist has distinguished himself. The two lights are wonderfully managed, and the whole picture is very striking; whether more natural or more phantasmagorical might require some consideration, founded on experiment, to determine. The artificial flame in the upper left corner is exceedingly brilliant.

No. 67. "Welch Mountain Scene," H. Bright.—Among a large proportion of Welch Scenery in this exhibition, Mr. Bright's productions occupy a prominent place, and possess very considerable merit. The features of the rugged landscape are well blended (for example) in this piece, though the distribution of the lights, and light yellow verdure over the face of the whole, from mountain height to foreground, is too scatterly to satisfy nature, or please the eye. No. 337. "An Old Water-mill,"—is very natural and delightful.

No. 101. "Cupid pursuing a butterfly," W. Salter.—One of the playful and pleasing effusions of this artist, who can give in full force the historical "Waterloo Banquet," and yet disport with such subjects as this in the most agreeable style.

No. 146. "A Straw-Yard," J. F. Herring.—This artist treads nearest in the footsteps of E. Landseer; and this is a very clever exemplification of his talents. The animals in the snow, picking up sustenance as they may, be they horse, pig, duck, fowl, or pigeon, are all painted with great truth; and No. 259, "The Frugal Meal," is another most natural picture of three horses (heads) at a crib where the provender is scanty enough; and they look as if they had never been over-fed.

No. 149, 184. "Fruit," G. Lance; 340, "A Slave" (fine study); 350, "Redcap" (a monkey Jacobin among fruit); require only the words rich, admirable, perfect.

No. 150. "Risph watching the Dead Sons of Saul," J. C. Hook.—A bold attempt at an academic subject, and with some points of desert; but altogether such a huddle of anatomy, that we lose the merits amid the human giblets, so massed and mingled that you cannot distinguish individuals, nor tell legs from arms, or one part of the corpse from another.

No. 165. "The Gentle Shepherd," W. D. Kennedy.—A pretty little piece; the shepherdess hav-

\* In our last week's report, after the word Antiquaries (p. 150, col. 1, line 4) insert of Normandy.

ing a neck rather bare for a bleak climate: but we dare say it was in the heat of summer.

No. 169. "Drumossie Muir, the Battle-Field of Culloiden," W. Simson.—The chief effort of the artist this year; whose smaller Scottish subjects, as noticed before, are carefully finished; and a striking representation of the dreary expanse of the country. We think the contrast of vivid colouring in the distance and atmosphere rather forced and inharmonious; and the toy-like go-cart in the foreground is surely incongruous to such a scene, with all its recollections about it, on the mind of the spectator.

No. 177. "Court-yard of an Hotel," H. Van Hove.—Very good in its line, resembling an antique picture of the same class.

No. 194. "Hoar Frost;" J. P. Pettitt.—A fair frost piece; but why studded with bits of red like Robin Redbreasts, we cannot tell.

No. 195. A good view of Venice, by J. Holland.

No. 205. "Playmates," Mrs. Carpenter.—For grace, colour, expression, and composition, refer back to No. 40. Mrs. Carpenter reminds us more forcibly of Reynolds than any artist in this gallery; and indeed, wherever she appears, she approves her right to be marked among the most successful of his school. This is a charming picture of a child and dog.

No. 208. "Remains of a Greek Theatre in Sicily," W. Scrope,—is an interesting and classic landscape, treated with much skill.

No. 214. "Bianca Capello," A. Elmore, A.R.A.—Not such a performance as does justice to the great and acknowledged abilities of the artist. We do not consider it good to play with high reputations and public expectancies by exhibiting hasty or inferior works, merely for a name in a catalogue.

No. 240. "At Finale on the Corniche," T. S. Stanley.—A misty landscape, of poetical effect.

No. 244. "Study of a Head," C. Baxter.—Exceedingly clever, and the flesh admirably executed.

No. 245. "A Dover Boy with Fish."—A nice little bit by J. Hollins, A.R.A.

No. 248. "A Pastoral," A. J. Woolmer.—A rustic scene, with an interesting and well-painted trio group.

No. 254. "Gulf of Salerno," E. W. Cooke; 321, "Bay of Porto-Maurizio;" 427, "The Marble Mountains of Carrara."—Mr. Cooke makes a very conspicuous figure in these rooms, and unquestionably displays first-rate talents. But what calls most for remark from us is, the extraordinary style in which some of his productions are painted; involving all the kaleidoscope colouring of Turner. We believe, for instance, that there are appearances in water, sky, and distant heights, as represented, No. 427, and that the Carrara mountains have presented aspects of the kind to the eye of the artist; but still they appear to be exceptions from nature, and especially to English taste, uneducated by foreign travel, to be exaggerated and unreal. We would not, therefore, pronounce an adverse judgment, but we must deem it hazardous to do too much after this remarkable fashion.

No. 260. "Mill on the Machno, North Wales," C. Bradwhite.—An utter contrast; all wild and waterfall from the top to the bottom. As for perspective, the echo of the Welsh hill would answer "Where?"

No. 275. "The Plaisance, time of Charles II," H. Jutsum.—A lively scene in a Watteau-like manner.

No. 279. "St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall," Hume Lancaster.—Not equal to Stanfield's glorious performance, but a very laudable work from a rising hand.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

At the ordinary General Meeting on Monday, the 22d inst., Mr. S. Angell, V.P. in the chair, from some accident, Mr. Scott Russell did not arrive to conclude his paper on isosceles curves. In his absence the Report of the Council on the designs and essays submitted for Medals was read and con-

firmed; rejecting entirely eleven designs, offered for the Royal Gold Medal, in consequence of their disregard of the printed regulations for competitors; rejecting also, for want of sufficient care, those offered for the Soane Medallion; recommending an essay for the Medal of the Institute offered for "an essay on the adaptation and modification of the orders of the Greeks and Romans;" also recommending another in competition for the same subject, as worthy of a Medal of Merit; and rejecting, for want of compliance with the regulations, the works offered for the other Institute Medal. The sealed papers being opened, the Chairman declared the names of the successful candidates: for the Silver Medal, Mr. J. W. Papworth, Fellow; and for the Medal of Merit, Mr. James Bell. The former essay was then read by the author, our report of which we are compelled to postpone.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, Feb. 23, 1847.

LET us conclude—since we have entered upon it—the story of the *procès-Dumas*. Nothing is now wanting in this episode of our literary history that can in any way improve its state of perfection: the Chamber of Deputies has been moved by the eccentric revelations made by M. Dumas before the Tribunal de Première Instance, Ministers have been called upon to account for the official mission entrusted to the author of *Monte-Christo*.

The Ministers, somewhat confused, prevaricated, each endeavouring to attach to his colleague the responsibility of this miserable joke, which will burden the country with an expenditure of some 60,000*fr.* It was attempted to make the whole matter pass as an unfortunate misunderstanding, the recurrence of which was not to be apprehended. In short, all those who had the slightest share in this ridiculous affair, strained every nerve to evade the disastrous influence it had spread around. In the mean time, M. Dumas was subjected to appellations which qualified him in a manner somewhat wounding to his vanity. The Marquis de Castellane, a young conservative deputy, called him from the Tribune "*Entrepreneur de feuilletons*;"—the Minister of War, avoiding, with care, to pronounce his name, mentioned him as "*l'homme dont on parle*;"—a third personage mixed up in the debate alluded to him as "*le Monsieur*." In short, these formulae exhibited so much contempt that, at one time, a duel was anticipated between M. de Castellane and M. Dumas. Luckily, it all ended in a little note, full of bitterness, dictated by anger, in which M. Dumas openly proclaims that he "only told the truth." He declares that he is ready to produce written proofs of the Ministerial good-will. They have, in truth, a compromising *protégé*!

The judges have shewn him more clemency than the members of the Chamber of Deputies. While they recognised that he had failed in his engagement with MM. de Girardin and Véron, (chief editors of the *Presse* and *Constitutionnel*) they only sentenced himon that head to pay 6000*fr.* damages (240*l.*) It was true that the legal costs, to be defrayed by M. Dumas, will reach twice that amount. But all this is a mere trifle. The most curious portion of the sentence is that which condemns M. Dumas to furnish, from the 15th April next, two volumes a month to MM. de Girardin and Véron, that he may retrieve his arrears, and this without pre-judice to his current engagements. Now these current engagements bind him to produce eighteen volumes per annum—or one volume and a-half per month. The result is, therefore, that M. Dumas is compelled, by legal sentence, to write three volumes and a-half per month, under the penalty of paying 100*fr.* for each day's delay in the delivery of this merchandise. This, I imagine, a new position for a literary man.

By way of consolation, M. Dumas has had the pleasure of witnessing the inauguration of the Théâtre Historique, built expressly for the purpose of giving vent to his dramatic fecundity. The first

sample he has furnished is a monster-drama in fifteen *tableaux*, each *tableau* being equivalent to what is called an act. This piece of dramatic monstrosity was produced on Saturday last, from six in the evening till half-past two on Sunday morning. Yes, sir, during eight hours and a half were we compelled to remain, nailed on our benches, to wade through every single chapter of one of the later novels of M. Dumas, *La Reine Margot*, loosely dramatised. I may bear witness that the exertion was of no ordinary kind, and that more than one spectator, attracted there by mere curiosity, swore he would never be so tricked again.

I do not entertain for a moment the notion of indicting upon you a torture similar to that which I endured. I will, then, detail, in a few words, the historical anecdote on which is founded this prodigious mass of absurdity. After the St. Barthelemy, the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.), married to Marguerite de Valois, remained a prisoner at the court of Charles IX.; he was treated with mistrust by this prince, and unceasingly threatened by the active malice of Catherine de Medicis. Fortunately, he found in his wife an ally upon which he had not reckoned. Although she had many serious grounds of displeasure against him, Marguerite never would rail to the Queen-mother against the young prince she had accepted for a husband; on the contrary, she made common cause with him as well as with the Duke of Alençon, and aided in their escape from Paris.

It is, however, asserted, that loyal as a friend, Marguerite did not prove a faithful wife to Henri; that she listened to the vows of the Duke d'Alençon's favourite, the young De la Mole; and that this courtier having been condemned to death for having been privy to the attempt at escape just mentioned, the Queen of Navarre did all in her power to preserve his mortal remains from the infamous burial awarded to convicts. Another lady of the court, the Duchess of Nevers, who carried on with Coconnas (a friend of La Mole's) an intrigue of the same nature as that which bound the Reine Margot\* to the latter, entered also into this romantic enterprise. Nothing is less authentic than the truth of this story, thrown, with many other anecdotes, amongst the satirical pamphlets of the time. But the mind of M. Dumas never for a moment dwelt on this; and, indeed, we should attach but little importance to the fact, had he converted this questionable legend into an interesting drama, pathetic, written with nerve, and exhibiting in the proper light the human passions. But the drift of his meaning lay not there. The only object M. Dumas had in view was to achieve a success similar to that which his *Trois Mousquetaires* had won, and to produce successively all his novels on the stage, thus extracting a double profit from the same idea; transforming, without much trouble, and with the help of scissors, the *feuilleton* which is read, into the drama which is seen and listened to. I need not tell you, sir, how much such an attempt is contrary to the true principles of art. The novel and drama are two compositions differing widely from each other. The developments given to the one and the other are, it may be said, of a diametrically opposite nature. In the first the effect is progressive, and in some degree chronological. In the second it is symmetrical and concentrated. The resources of the novelist and the dramatist differ as widely as the goal towards which they tend. The perspective is not the same for both; time, which the one uses as he lists, does not yield to the caprices of the other. Numberless details are permitted to the novelist which are denied to the dramatist under the penalty of lapsing into interminable wanderings. In short, for many reasons which would demand the complete exposition of a theory, the most clever novels have never been converted into anything better than wretched dramas.

\* Margot is the familiar abbreviation of Marguerite; the queen was more generally known by this popular nickname.—Ed. L. G.

This *Reine Margot* will not prove an exception to the rule. I cannot express to you how much the literary portion of the audience felt wearied by this lengthy narrative, without colouring, without context, ill-joined; a true magic-lantern, in which the actors seemed to have no other mission than that of explaining the brilliant decorations, the rich costumes, the scenic effects intended to amuse, or rather to distract and confuse the spectator.

The new playhouse, which is decidedly to be called, the Théâtre Historique (not the Théâtre Montpensier), has been built at the cost of 1,500,000 francs. It has been erected by some speculators, who let it to MM. Hastein and Dumas, who are in possession of the privilege granted by government. It is spacious (1700 spectators), yet appears small in size, which is owing to the depth of the galleries which overhang a portion of the pit. Its greatest merit is, that all the places afford equal advantages for seeing. Its greatest defect is, that the various classes of spectators are isolated from one another, and this disposition must be detrimental to the rapid communication of the impressions released simultaneously from the stage, as well as prove an obstacle to the private intercourse of acquaintances between the acts. Beyond this, the distribution is cleverly managed, and the architects have displayed great talents in turning to account the very irregular piece of ground which had been allotted to them.

The College de France held, the day before yesterday (Sunday), a meeting for the purpose of presenting a candidate for the professorship of the Persian language, vacant by the death of M. Amédée Jaubert: M. Jules Mohl, member of the Institute, secured seventeen votes out of twenty-four voters. His opposing candidate was M. Garcin de Tassy, also a member of the Institute, who had only six suffrages in his favour.

#### GERMANY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

THERE has been much talk lately in all parts of Germany about a reform in the regulations of the different post-offices. Austria took the initiative, and proposed a general conference on the subject, and it is confidently expected that such congress will take place this year. Munich, Dresden, and Prague have been severally named as the places where it is to be held. The postal system in Austria somewhat resembles that adopted so lately in England; there being, namely, but two sums fixed as the postage of letters, whether the distance greatly exceed a given number of miles or otherwise. Hitherto, 2½d. and 3½d. have been paid for single letters; but Austria has already declared its willingness to reduce these sums to 1½d. and 2½d. It would, of course, be necessary that the different German states should agree to one and the same tariff, and not that, as at present, weight and distance be differently taxed in the different kingdoms through which a letter has to pass. We trust that some arrangements may be entered into to diminish the postage of letters to England from the southern parts of Germany, similar to those lately made in Hanover and Prussia. Postage may be considered high in Germany, when we compare with it the prices of the greater part of the necessities of life.

On the 22d of last month, Cassel was witness of a truly characteristic festival. On that day, the celebrated composer, Spohr, had been for twenty-five years a resident in the town, and his fellow-citizens determined it should not pass over unnoticed. His royal highness the co-regent gave evidence of the high estimation in which he held his master of the chapel, by naming him general director of music, a rank which gives him the *entrée* to court. The King of Prussia surprised him also by sending him the Order of the Red Eagle. His house and gardens were thronged during the day by those who were anxious to bring him their congratulations, and to testify their esteem. From the town of Cassel, as well as from

Göttingen, he received the rights of citizenship. In the evening, a piece written for the occasion was represented at the theatre, which was crowded to excess. Favourite scenes from Spohr's operas were given, which were followed by *tableaux*. In the pretty piece which was afterwards given, a deputation of the members of the theatre fetched the composer from his box, and he presently appeared on the stage, where a chair was placed for him. His appearance was welcomed by the orchestra, and the shouts and applause of all present. One of the ladies then advanced, and after repeating some complimentary verses, placed a wreath of laurel on his brows. The stage was immediately covered with a shower of flowers, wreaths, and pieces of poetry. On the following day, his most intimate friends and his family assembled, and many were the testimonies of regard which he received from all those who have had an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with him.

We are most glad to hear that Dr. H. T. Rötischer is about to become the editor of a journal, to appear monthly, which will be devoted to dramatic art and literature. It will contain essays on the most important and interesting questions of dramatic art, as well as criticisms on dramatic works, and their representation, as well as an analysis of dramatic characters, and explanations of difficult passages in various dramas. It will contain, too, besides the usual correspondence, remarks on the different theatres, and on the stage in general. Only such as are of real importance will be noticed. The gain of a work of this sort, edited by such a man as Professor Rötischer, is incalculable. We sincerely hope it may find its way to England, and receive the notice to which every thing from the pen of this profound critic is so justly entitled.

A prohibition has just been issued at Leipzig against the publication for the future of any works whatsoever in the Hungarian language. The reasons assigned are, 1st, that the printing-offices are not furnished with all that is necessary for such undertakings; and, 2dly, that there are no censors acquainted with the language, and consequently, they would be unable to report on their contents; as if this were the author's fault, or as if he ought to suffer on that account. How any government can, in the 19th century, have the—shall we call it courage or hardihood?—to enforce such laws, is to us perfectly incomprehensible.

Throughout Bavaria, subscriptions are being opened in aid of the suffering family of the unfortunate List. The king, immediately on hearing of his death, settled a small pension on the widow, as well as on each of her children; and, indeed, the interest shewn in their behalf has been general. Town vies with town in doing honour to the broken-hearted patriot—who, while living, wandered from one country to another as though Cain's mark were on his brow, no where able to find a resting-place. As we write, the conclusion of one of Andersen's most charming tales ("The Daisy") recurs to us. The little boys who had caught and caged the lark, went away and forgot him; at their return, "when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper-box; he was to be buried royally, the poor bird! While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him die in a cage, and suffer want; now they shewed him great honour and lamented him!" And do not you in England do the same?

The lectures on modern literature which Prutz has been giving lately at Berlin were the other day terminated by the police. He had, it is said, made some sarcastic remarks in a general way on these important functionaries; and hence the stop put to their continuation. It is most assuredly a striking, though yet strange sign of the times, that so many of those men in Germany who occupy themselves with literature, cannot, for the very life of them, help infecting it with their politics, generally none of the soundest. We have "political

songs" and "unpolitical songs;" there is the volume of trash of Karl Beck, entitled "Songs of a Poor Man,"\* and even the true poet Freiligrath has of late debased the Muse by penning abortive effusions to the tune of "ga ira." But we might make a long list of the political poetasters of Germany. What most of them do or say is a matter of indifference to every sensible person; whether a block-head makes a greater or lesser fool of himself, is also equally indifferent to us; but when we see genius thus running astray, dazzled, blinded by the glare of those torches which are lighted but for incendiarianism, and for the committal of acts of violence, we do sincerely grieve and bewail the mad infatuation.

#### ORIGINAL,

#### AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

NOTES ON TAVERN TOKENS.†

Coffee and Canary; Taverns and London Shops two or three Centuries ago.

I BEG to submit to the notice of the Association three specimens of that class of money which the troubled times of the Stuarts called into existence, and which prevailed so extensively about the middle of the seventeenth century. I allude to what are termed "Tradesmen's Tokens." The subject has recently been treated upon by Mr. Akerman in an interesting pamphlet, which has been no less ably reviewed in the last number of the Journal of the Association, under the signature of F. W. F.

One of the tokens exhibited is inscribed, "James Farr in Fleet Street his halfpenny 1666;" the obverse contains a representation of a rainbow in relief. Another is inscribed, "At the Canary House in the Strand 14 1665;" bearing also the word 'canary' in monogram. The Rainbow token has, I believe, never been published. Of that of the Canary House, I observe there is a representation in the pamphlet alluded to. I select these tokens as being curious from the associations connected with them. They vividly bring before us a period when the relative merits of coffee and canary wine formed a bitter subject for satire and dispute. James Farr the "coffee man" appears from Hutton and other sources to have been indicted in the year 1657 by the enlightened parish authorities of St. Dunstan's for vending "a sort of liquor called coffee." Ten years after this, we find him issuing a token, which would seem to indicate that he had triumphed over the difficulties and scruples of his fellow-parishioners, and that his trade had so far increased as to render this species of "small change" necessary. Be this as it may, the opposition to coffee continued; people viewed it with distrust, and even with alarm: and we can sympathise with them in their alarm, when we consider that they entertained a notion that coffee would eventually put an end to the species; that the *genus homo* would some day or other be utterly extinguished. With our knowledge of the beneficial effect of this article on the community, and its almost universal adoption in the present day, we may smile, and wonder while we smile at the bare possibility of such a notion ever having prevailed. That it did so, we have ample evidence in the "Women's petition against coffee," in the year 1674, cited by D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. iv., and in which they complain that coffee "made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought: that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies," &c. &c. The same authority gives us an extract from an amusing poem of 1663, in which the writer wonders that any men should prefer coffee to canary, terming them English apes, and proudly referring them to the days of Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson. They, says he,

"drank pure nectar as the gods drink too  
Sublimed with rich Canary: say, shall then

\* See article on Anastasius Grün.

† By Mr. E. B. Price at a meeting of the British Archaeological Association: see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1368.

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These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men,  
These sons of nothing, that can hardly make  
Their broth for laughing how the jest does take,  
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood  
A loathsome potion—not yet understood,  
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,  
Dash'd with diurnals or the book of news!"

It is curious to trace the history of an article now in such general use as coffee. Its origin is ascribed (*Lond. Ency.*) to the prior of a monastery, who, "being informed by a goat-herd that his cattle sometimes, browsing on the tree, would wake and caper all night, became curious to test its virtue, and accordingly tried it on his monks, to prevent their sleeping at matins." The story is good, but (as it often happens) is left unfinished; for history omits to tell whether the extremely happy idea of the sagacious prior proved successful.

It appears to have met with as much persecution abroad as it afterwards did when introduced into England, which seems to have been in 1652, as appears from a hand-bill cited by D'Israeli, setting forth "the virtue of the coffee drink first publicly made and sold by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

Bacon, in his *Sylva Sylvarum*, published 1631, at page 185, says: "They have in Turkey a drinke called coffa, made of a berry of the same name, as blacke as soot, and of a strong scent, but not aromaticall. Which they take, beaten into powder, in water as hot as they can drinke it. And they take it, and sit at it in their coffa-houses, which are like our tavernes. This drinke comforteth the braine and heart, and helpeth digestion." Sandys, the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and who travelled in Turkey in 1610, gives us a somewhat similar description. The following passage is from his *Travailes*, page 51 (edit. 1657): speaking of the Turks, he says: "Although they be destitute of taverns, yet have they their coffa-houses, which something resemble them. There sit they chatting most of the day, and sip of a drinke called coffa, of the berry that it is made of, in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it; black as soot, and tasting not much unlike it; which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity. Many of the coffa men keeping beautifull boyes, who serve," &c. &c. Sandys gravely suggests (in parentheses) that this may possibly have been the "black broth" of the Lacedemonians. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, entertains a similar notion in his short notice of coffee and its effects.

The locality of the "Canary House in the Strande" is now, perhaps, impossible to trace; and it is, perhaps, as vain to attempt a description of the wine from which it took its name, and which was so celebrated in that and the preceding century. Some have erroneously identified it with sack. We find it mentioned among the various drinks which Gascoyne so virtuously inveighs against in his *Delicate Diet for daintie mouthes Droonkardes*, published in 1576: "We must have March beere, double-dooble Beere, Dagger ale, Bragget, Reniah wine, White wine, French wine, Gascoyne wine, Sack, Hollocke, Canaria wine, Fino greco, Vinum amabile, and al the wines that may be gotten. Yea, wine of it selfe is not sufficient; but Suger, Limons, and sundry sortes of Spices must be drownd therein." The bibbers of this famed wine were wont to be termed "Canary-birds." Of its qualities we can perhaps form the best estimate from the colloquy between "mine bostess of the Boar's Head and Doll Tearsheet;" in which the former charges the latter with having "drunk too much Canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's this?"

We gather from Aubrey that one of the amiable

\* Homeopaths of the present day forbid coffee.—*Lancet*, Jan. 9th.

+ We learn from Collier's *Rosburgh Ballads* (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1566) that in the reign of James I. "sparkling sack" was sold at 1s. 6d. per quart, and "Canary—pure French wine," at 7 pence.

weaknesses of "Rare Ben," was his *penchant* for canary. And it would seem that the Mermaid, in Friday Street, was the house in which he enjoyed it most.\* Granger states that Charles the First raised Ben's pension from 100 marks to 100 pounds, and added a tierce of canary, which salary and its appendage, he says, have ever since been continued to poets laureate.

Reverting to the Rainbow, it is curious to trace some of the changes which have taken place in this now well-known house of entertainment. Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist, informs me that, about the year 1780, the house was kept by his grandfather, Alexander Moncrieff, at which period it still retained its original title of the "Rainbow Coffee-House." It has been frequently remarked by "tavern-goers," that many of our snuggest and most comfortable taverns (such as those our great lexicographer so delighted to revel in) are hidden from vulgar gaze, and unapproachable except through courts, blind alleys, or but half-lighted passages. Of this description is the house in question. But few of its many nightly or rather mid-nightly patrons and frequenters know aught of it beyond its famed "stewed cheeses," and its "stout," with the various "et ceteras" of good cheer. They little dream, and perhaps as little care to know, that, more than two centuries back, the Rainbow flourished as a bookseller's shop; as appears by the title-page of Trussell's *History of England*, which states it to be "printed by M. D. for Ephraim Dawson, and are to be sold in Fleet Street at the signe of the Rainbowe, neere the Inner-Temple Gate, 1636." But its glories as a bookseller's shop, and the persecutions of James Farr, the "coffee-man," have long since passed away, and are alike forgotten.

To the London antiquary these tokens are chiefly interesting, as pointing to many old hostleries and localities now long since gone and forgotten but in the pages of history. Thus the one now exhibited, "Joseph Taylor, in Blanch Appleton Court, at the end of Marke Lane," refers us to a spot which now, amid modern alterations and improvements, is somewhat difficult to trace. There is no mention of it in the list of streets, courts, &c., in the city of London, published in 1722; nor is it in Maitland's list or plans (edit. 1756), although it is mentioned in the text (p. 778) as being "a large open square place with a passage for caris, and corruptly called Blind Chapel Court." It appears from Stow that the north-east corner of Mark Lane (now occupied by the premises of Messrs. Sharp and Son, tea-dealers), was, as far back as 13 Edward I., the site of a manor-house called Blanch Appleton; and that a lane at the back of it was granted by the king to be enclosed and shut up.

Attached to the manor was the privilege of holding a market, or mart, but of which, Stow observes, "nothing remaineth for memory but the name of Mart Lane, and that corruptly termed Marke Lane." In the reign of Richard II. the manor was possessed by Sir Thomas Roos (a family of some eminence in the early history of the city). Stow further informs us, that in 3d Edward IV., "all basket-makers, wyer-drawers, and other forrainers, were permitted to have shops in this manour of Blanch Appleton, and not elsewhere in this cite, or suburbs thereof." In a recent communication to the Society of Antiquaries from Mr. T. Lott, relating to the arrangements made by the city of London for the funeral procession of the body of Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII., some curious particulars are given concerning this place, together with the amount in which the city assessed its inhabitants towards the expense of the procession, &c. Mr. Lott states that this district, which appears to have been a sort of sanctuary for non-freemen, is to this day called in the city chamberlain's books, the "Blanch Appleton lands."

\* "But that which most doth take my muse and me,  
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine;  
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine."

When we reflect upon the jealousy with which the citizens have always regarded their privileges, and the animosities which seem to have marked their dealings with "strangers and foreigners," in times past,\* it may readily be supposed that 'Blanch Appleton,' although to a certain extent a sanctuary, could never have been viewed with any very extraordinary amount of civic affection; and, doubtless, "Joseph Taylor," the issuer of this little token, could have told his customers of many bitter reminiscences which, in his day, must have still lingered among the dwellers at Blanch Appleton. Numerous must have been the traditions of violence and plunder, although now buried in oblivion, but which, in the early part of the seventeenth century, must have still hung upon the memory, and oftentimes formed the subject of many a grave discussion. Among them, not the least must have been the dreadful scene of havoc and distress which Blanch Appleton must have presented on the eve of May-day, 1517, when in the hands of a lawless mob who looked upon "strangers and foreigners" as the root of all evil. From Stow's graphic narrative of the proceedings, we learn that Blanch Appleton (the houses of which the rioters had pillaged and destroyed) was one of the ten places in the city, in each of which the authorities erected a gallows upon wheels, for the purpose of hanging, drawing, and quartering the ringleaders.

The events of this day (which has been most appropriately termed "Evill Maie daie" and "Ill Maie daie") form an interesting narrative in the black-letter pages of the chroniclers of the time, and have been made the groundwork of an extremely interesting tale in Akerman's *London Legends*.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

To our mournful obituary of last week, we have to add the name of

Mr. Charles Hooton, a native of Nottingham, and the author of many papers in the passing periodical literature of the day. He also wrote *Bilberry Hurland* and *Colin Clink*, novels of considerable talent in the class to which they belong, viz. the portraiture of humble life and familiar circumstances, with a dash of the facetious in style. We regret to add, that Mr. Hooton's death was occasioned by his taking an over-dose (five grains) of morphia; to which drug, as well as to other stimulants, he was in the habit of resorting, in consequence of bad health, induced by a residence in New Orleans and Texas. The verdict of a coroner's inquest, as stated in the *Nottingham Journal*, was, "Died from the effect of morphia, taken with the intention of procuring sleep."

Kearns Deane, Esq., of Cork, architect, brother of Sir Thomas Deane, and, together with him, long a useful labourer in the field of science and literature, died on the 30th ult. At the time the British Association met at Cork, we had the pleasure of enjoying his hospitality, and enjoying the society of One imbued with a large share of general information, and full of artistic taste and intelligence. He was, we should think, between forty and fifty years of age.

William Collins, Esq., R.A.†—Mr. Collins was born in Great Tichfield Street on the 18th of September, 1787. His father was a native of Wicklow, and author, among many other publications,

\* The City-laws against foreigners appear to have been very stringent. An order of Common Council, 1605, enjoin a penalty of 5s. per day on any foreigner or stranger, not free, keeping a retail shop in the city or liberty. And if any freeman employs a foreigner to work for him in the city or liberty, he forfeits 5s. per day. By stat. 21 Hen. VIII., a stranger, artificer in London, &c., shall not keep above two stranger servants, but he may have as many English servants and apprentices as he can get. It is an ancient custom of London that if one stranger or foreigner buys any thing of another stranger, it shall be forfeited to the mayor and commonalty of the city.—*Vide Jacob's City-Liberties*, 1732.

† Received from his son; who is thanked for the communication.—*Ed. L. G.*

of a poem on the slave-trade, and a biography of George Morland. His mother was a Scottish lady. Mr. Collins inherited an enthusiastic admiration for the beauties of Nature, at a very early age, from both his parents. His education in the art in which he has since become eminent may be said to have begun at the easel of George Morland; who, as his father's friend, and the illustrator (by two of his most successful pictures) of that gentleman's poem on the slave-trade, readily permitted his son to stand behind him while he painted. In 1807 Mr. Collins became a student of the Royal Academy, and gained the silver medal for a drawing from "the life" in 1809. He continued to study at that institution until 1814, when he was chosen an Associate of the Academy, and was ultimately elected an Academician in 1820. Desirous of studying the works of the great masters, and of observing nature in her most striking forms, Mr. Collins visited Italy in the year 1836, and remained on the continent until 1838. During these two years he occupied himself unremittingly in advancing his knowledge of painting; and, stimulated by the advice of his friend Wilkie, returned to England provided with a new class of subjects, and prepared for a new field of action in his art. Since that period until the year 1846, he continued to contribute regularly to every exhibition, displaying the versatility of his powers by the production of the most elaborate and successful pictures, illustrative of history and of Italy, and by frequent and popular revivals of those cottage and coast scenes by which he had won his early reputation. In the year 1844, the heart-complaint, by which his death was subsequently occasioned, first declared itself in a painful and serious form. But with the genuine ardour for his profession which ever characterised him, he continued through severe suffering to devote himself to the art; and produced at the last exhibition, in spite of the obstacles of a fatal and progressive malady, an English sea-piece—"Early Morning,"—universally admitted to be as powerful and true as any that his pencil had ever designed. This effort was his last; the worst symptoms of his complaint became more and more aggravated; and on the 17th of this month he expired.

To the following short list of a few of Mr. Collins's principal works have been added the names of some of his patrons, with a view, not only of informing the public in what collections his pictures may be found, but of bearing testimony to the thorough appreciation of meritorious art among the noble and the wealthy in this country.

*Pictures painted before 1830.*—"The Pet-Lamb," "Bird-catchers," purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne. "The Town-Miss visiting her Country-Relations," sold to the Dowager Lady De Grey. "Coast-Scene," purchased by his Majesty George IV. "Departure of a Diligence," purchased by Sir G. Beaumont. "Fisherman on the look-out," painted for Lord Liverpool. Domestic Subjects, for Sir T. Hesketh.

*Pictures painted before 1836.*—"Fisherman's Departure," painted for Mr. Morrison. "Hop-Gatherers," painted for the Duke of Norfolk. "Rustic Hospitality," painted for Mr. Marshall. "Skittle-Players," bought by Mr. Young. "Rustic Civility" and its companion, bought by Mr. Sheepshanks. "Snow-piece," and several other pictures, painted for Sir R. Peel.

*Pictures painted from 1838 to 1846.*—"Scene near Salisbury," sold to Sir J. Shuckburgh. "Our Saviour with the Doctors," painted for the Marquis of Lansdowne. "The Monk's Remonstrance," painted for Mr. Knott. "The Catechist," painted for Sir Thos. Baring. "Fetching the Doctor," painted for Mr. Gibbons. "Early Morning," painted for Mr. Gillott.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Sadler's Wells.*—Truth and the legitimate or true drama may now both be said to lie in Wells. On Thursday week, a new historical tragedy,\* by Mr. White, the author of the *Earl of Gowrie* and the *King of the Commons*, was produced here, under the title of *Feudal Times*. Like its predecessors from the same hand, it is founded on Scottish history, and bears accordingly many features in common

with them, if not rather too near a resemblance throughout to preserve the air of originality. The king (James III.) and his turbulent and treacherous nobles, for example, are placed in a situation very like the leading point in the *King of the Commons*, and only varies in the difference of character. But still the present play acts very effectively, the incidents are more striking and elevated, and the catastrophe (changed from the actual hanging of the hero Cochrane over Lauder Bridge by Bell-the-Cat) is better adapted to the fatal dignity of the tragic Muse. The indecision of the amiable king is well painted, and his favourite is drawn, we believe correctly, as an individual of high mind far in advance of the age of truculent feudalism and iron barbarity in which he lived. His loves with Margaret Randolph, and the whole conception of the latter, display the finest forms of the genius of the writer. The Scottish barons are also well designed, and they are sufficiently distinguished in the overbearing Douglas, the envious Gairlies, the faithless Lennox, and their coadjutor, the malignant Bishop of Dunkeld. The principal parts were sustained with great talent, and the whole so well cast, as to add another leaf to the chaplet worthily won by the suburban refuge for the destitute drama at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Marston did justice to the wavering King, steady only in his attachment to the *Earl of Mar*. Angus had a fitting representative in Mr. G. Bennett, and Lennox in Mr. Hoskins. But the weight fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Phelps as *Cochrane*, and bravely he bore it; as did Miss Laura Addison, with her large share of it as *Margaret Randolph*, whom she personated in a very affecting manner. Miss Cooper's *Queen* also merits praise; and we rejoice to say the success of *Feudal Times* was so complete as to attract the lovers of the drama from all quarters of the town nightly to fill the audience in this rather out of the way locality. As there is a good deal of action, though the plot is simple, we do not find time to pause much on the poetry of the author; but yet there are many fine and pleasing passages. Of the latter, for instance, the playfulness of *Margaret* at the beginning prepares us artistically for her sombre fate at the end.

"SCENE II.—A Room in Holyrood.  
Enter the QUEEN, LADY DRUMMOND, MARGARET RANDOLPH.

Queen. You're silent, Margaret. I made up my mind

Marg. To be good company to-day, and listen.  
Q. But 'tis unkind. What would the forest be Without its birds? the spring without its foam? The garden flowerless?

Q. All because a girl Chooses, by way of gift and benison, To hold her tongue! poor birds, poor spring, poor flowers! Q. Nay, gentle Lady Drummond looks as though You wrong her every time your lips are closed.

Lady D. And so she does; there's not a joy on earth So great as listening to her merry laugh.— Laugh, pretty Margaret.

M. Ha! ha! Well, I laugh; But will it please you to tell me why I laugh? Lady D. Why, was there ever such a mad-cap girl? What have you got to do but laugh all day? You're young, and rich, and beautiful!

Q. For shame! You're nothing but a courtly flatterer; You'll make dear Margaret proud.

Lady D. Oh, as for pride, She's proud enough already!

M. Pray, go on: I'm anxious for some more such honied words. I'm young—that's true; I'm rich—it may be so; And beautiful—and therefore I should laugh? I think, dear Lady Drummond, you've missed out A fourth and fitting cause for happiness; I have no glooming, frowning, cold-eyed lord, To say, "Come, Margaret, here!" "Go, Margaret, there!" "Do this, do that," or, "Don't do this nor that." Q. She hits you there; Lord Drummond ne'er was drawn So to the life.

M. Or, if I long for court, Says, "Margaret, you must stay the next half-year In Drummond Tower." I wish I saw the man Would give his orders so to Margaret Randolph. Q. I doubt you not.

M. What is it you doubt not? Q. That you do really wish you saw the man That could command you so.

M. There's not alive The man would dare.

Q. Where is young Lennox gone? M. Into the stable—so, at least, I guess— To learn some better manners from his horse. Q. I know a better school.

M. Is it the kennel? He has very much the manners of a hound. The graceful air, and deep soul-touching voice, And valorous look—as if no Scottish hedge Bore such a weapon as a cudgel!

Q. Girl, You speak too freely. I? not I, not I. I answered a plain question.

Q. You forget That young Lord Lennox is a close ally Of Angus.

M. That's the very thing I thought; Both are disciples of the kennel; one, A sage grave dog, long-eared, and deep of jaw; The other, a pert spaniel, yaffling round: And excellent companions; one to rouse The game, and one to tear it down. The fawn Is a poor silly creature to submit.

Q. It cannot help it. Is there no deep ditch, No foaming precipice of sheer descent, No rock to dash its silly brains against, Rather than—fough! fough! fough!—to caw'r and crouch To yelping cur, or grim-jaw'd slot-hound?

Q. What! Does your old guardian's name not frighten you? Remember you're the ward of Angus, child.

M. I but remember I am Margaret Randolph, Sole bearer of that name. Alas, alas, That the great Regent's sword should deck the wall Of a poor orphan's house, and not one hand Of his own kin to hold it!

Q. Let young Lennox Try if his strength can wield it.

M. Madam—but I will not jest again. I pray you, madam, Speak not of Lennox, speak not of that sword. I will not laugh again; I was most wrong To jest,—I ne'er will jest again. [She retires.

Lady D. Fie, Margaret! Q. Let her alone, dear Drummond. She not jest, Nor laugh, nor sing? Why she no more can help Being gay, than the blithe bird, when summer comes, Can keep its happy heart from pouring out Its happiness in music. Let her rest: She'll be herself again."

When James becomes alarmed after a conference with the false Bishop, the following is deserving of much praise:

"A Room in Holyrood.  
JAMES, COCHRANE, LORD DRUMMOND.

JAMES gloomy and depressed. Cochrane. What said the learned bishop? Droop not so, James. He warned me of false friends; he said the stars Prophesied evil.

Q. Has the earth no poison, That he must wrong the heavens? The stars on high Fulfil their courses,—clear, unfailing, calm— Reckless of what we do in this poor globe; And if they give a lesson, 'tis but this— To walk in high serene tranquillity On our appointed paths, as they on theirs.

J. False friends, he said. I have no friend but you; I told him so; and then he shook his head And prayed. Ah, Walter, if the stars speak truth?

Q. I've given orders to receive the stars, And hostile planets, and opposed conjunctions, In fitting guise: Caerlaverock is well stored; The borders guarded; a stout company On Lauder Bridge. If you advance your banner, I think the heavens will smile before a week, And the lord bishop read their lessons better.

J. But will our liegemen follow? Try them, sir! Lead them! 'Tis a poor heart that will not follow When 'tis well led.

As we near the close, when *Margaret's* sentiments have changed towards *Cochrane*, she loves him, and confides her followers to his charge; and the dialogue between her and *Lady Drummond* finely illustrates that change. We will not anticipate the conclusion, but advise our readers to go and witness it effectively wrought out at Sadler's Wells.

*Her Majesty's Theatre* on Thursday, for the benefit of the Irish and Scotch subscription, was crowded: the Queen and Prince Albert being present. A cantata for the occasion was effectively sung by Sanchioli, Gardoni, Bouché, and chorus. It was much applauded, and the night's productions went off with great éclat.

*Drury-Lane.*—The new opera, *Matilda*, by Mr. W. V. Wallace, was, after various delays, produced on Monday. The reputation which Mr. Wallace may be said to have raised entirely upon his *Maritana* of last season, led us to expect a

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work equal, if not superior, to his first opera. In this we were disappointed; although *Matilda* exhibits much talent, and more especially in regard to the orchestra and the choral effects, yet it is not so full of fresh and original ideas as *Maritana*, and consequently appears much more laboured without being so impressive. The airs for the tenor and soprano are of a very pleasing graceful character, but not remarkable for originality. They are, however, so well done by Harrison and Miss Romer, as to gain encores. A little romance, sung by Miss Isaacs, is a very captivating bit, and sung with great taste. The introductory music to the second act is very clever, and the violin obligato to the soprano aria, is exceedingly well conceived, and is very acceptable as a relief. We are glad to find the number of violins in the orchestra much increased; it has long been defective in this point: the band, too, is better regulated, and more subdued in the accompaniments. The dresses and scenery are very beautiful, and the *mise en scène* gorgeous enough for any "splendid triumphs." In fact, the endurance of the audience is tolerably taxed by the marchings and counter-marchings of the manager's splendid properties. The opera was quite successful, and met with much applause. We hear that Miss Romer has been quite overcome by the labours imposed on *primo donne* in English theatres. Her part is now performed sustained by Miss Rainforth.

*Princess's*.—In the revival of *Balfe's Castle of Aymon* here on Saturday, Miss Anne Romer took the part of *Hermine*, and sang very sweetly throughout.

*Lyceum*.—A new and splendid burlesque, by Mr. Charles Dance, full of epigrammatic point and humour, called *The Enchanted Forest*, has been produced here, and performed with great éclat. Unlike the common run of such compositions of late, it does not rest on poor puns and hits at passing events, as evanescent as the allusions to them are insignificant, but carries through with a vein of genuine comic ore, and the true waggery which ought to distinguish the species of entertainment; which, if low, is the lowest of the low in dramatic effort. As it is, two hours of more laughable matter can hardly be heard and seen. The costume is most effective, and the dialogue, &c. very ludicrous. The design is fully seconded by the scenery, the fancy throughout is exuberant, and the acting excellent. We trust that its deserved success may never betray it, as is too often the case, into exaggeration and buffoonery.

*Madame Dulcken's* third and last *soirée* of classic music has just taken place, and been, as such a course of pure selection and admirable execution deserves, fully attended not only by admirers, but by amateurs and the best judges of musical production. Madame Dulcken's own performances on the pianoforte are of the foremost order; and with such instrumentalists as Willy, Lucas, Sainton, and Benedict in aid, and such vocalists as Lockey, Marras, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, we need not add that this was truly an evening of genuine enjoyment.

#### VARIETIES.

*Aerostation*.—Mr. Gale, of Camberwell, is stated to have brought the balloon to much greater perfection than any hitherto constructed. His improvements are described to consist in elastic tubes, pipes, or what is called hose, by which all the gas that escapes from the lower part of the machine is received and conveyed into large bags or receivers, attached to the middle of the balloon, so that let the expansion of the gas be what it will from heat, or other causes, the gas can be let off and preserved, and no danger of bursting incurred. The car is also differently constructed from the old method; and the aeronaut can without trouble labour beneath the car another car, to any distance he may please, in which scientific experiments can be carried on, or fire made use of, without danger to the balloon. The cars are very light, being

made of prepared cork and India rubber. This balloon is nearly as large as the great *Nassau*; and made of silk, and the designs for the external painting by Mr. D. Roberts of a high order of appropriate ornament.

M. Van Hecke has invented an apparatus, by which is obtained an ascending or descending power to elevate or lower a balloon without loss of ballast or of gas. The result obtained with a working model is successful, and by calculation the arrangement should be effective upon a large scale; but the most promising mechanical contrivances require practical confirmation.

*Willich's Tythe Commutation-Tables* for 1847 have just received their annual supplement, which, at this time, is a publication of more than usual importance. The same able and indefatigable calculator has produced interest-tables for the use of savings' banks at 2l. 18s. 4d. per cent. or 7d. in the pound; shewing at a glance the interest on any deposit from 1l. to 200l. for any number of months in the year. Both are most useful; and well merit the attention of all parties concerned in the multiform transactions on which they bear.

*The British Museum*.—In answer to a question put by Mr. Hume, Lord John Russell assented to the proposition that certain improvements might be made in the constitution and management of the British Museum,

"Which nobody can deny, deny,  
Which nobody can deny."

but reserved the appointment of a committee of inquiry for future consideration. The practice of electing merely official men or men of rank as Trustees, to the almost entire exclusion of science, is not only an absurdity, but a sure source of insufficiency and clique management.

*Sir David Brewster*.—We rejoice to see it stated that our eminent countryman, Sir D. Brewster, has been nominated by the King of Prussia a Chevalier of the Order of Merit, vice Admiral Krusenstern deceased. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*.

*Edinburgh Exhibition of Fine Arts*.—Accounts from Edinburgh speak in terms of great admiration of a subject from Shakspeare, *Titanian*, painted for this year's Exhibition by Mr. Noel Paton, the youthful Scottish artist, whose cartoon in Westminster Hall attracted so large a share of public approval, and was so warmly lauded in the *Literary Gazette*. We rejoice to hear that he is thus early fulfilling the promise for which we were his sponsors.

*Mr. Adams of Cambridge*.—Whilst our Astronomical Society (like the Royal, as fully exemplified in last *Literary Gazette*) has been disputing about the award of its Medal to M. Le Verrier alone, overlooking the claim to at least a like honour of its own countryman, the Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, have set on foot a subscription to be expended on some public testimony in commemoration of Mr. Adams's great astronomical merits in calculating *a priori* the place of the new planet *Neptune*, as it seems now pretty generally determined throughout Europe, is to be the recognised name. A prize for the most successful study of Astronomy is mentioned as the probable destination of the fund, which is approximately 1000l.

*The late Mr. T. Grenville's Library*, consisting of 20,300 volumes, as bequeathed by him, has been moved into the British Museum. It required five days to complete this transfer; and the estimated value of the legacy is at least 100,000l.

*The (last) New Comet*.—Mr. Hind writes that the comet is rapidly increasing in brightness, and will continue to do so until its disappearance about the end of the second week in March. Notwithstanding the moonlight, it was distinctly visible in an ordinary night-glass. The following gives its position:

1847 Feb. 28 R.A. 23h 18m 53s Decl. 54° 50'  
March 2 — 23h 26m 34s — 56° 45'

*The Mirage*.—On the 7th inst. between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, the weather

being cold and clear, and whilst the sun was rising brilliantly, we beheld a mirage. From the point of the steeple of the cathedral of Ulm rose a narrow ray of a dark colour, almost vertical, with a slight inclination to the west. Near this ray the image of the upper half of the steeple of the cathedral was designed, with its towers, and all the numerous and delicate Gothic ornaments which decorate it on all sides. This image was so correct, that it might have been mistaken for a representation made by the daguerreotype. Eight times this phenomenon was repeated.—*Journal des Débats*.

*Quaintnesses in Style*.—Mr. James, in his *Castle of Ehrenstein*, speaks of being "excessively diminutive in size;" and Mr. Miller, in his *Language of Flowers*, mentions "a growing degree of depression in time."

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1847.	h. m. s.	1847.	h. m. s.
Feb. 27 . . .	12 13 22	Mar. 3 . . .	12 13 14 9
28 . . .	12 51 2	4 . . .	12 13 1
Mar. 1 . . .	12 39 6	5 . . .	11 48 3
2 . . .	12 27 5		

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